HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 780.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

As mentioned in the last number of the *Weekly*, the Grand Duke Alexis arrived at this port on the night of November 18. The following day being the Sabbath, and Monday proving stormy and boisterous, the landing and reception took place on Tuesday, November 21.

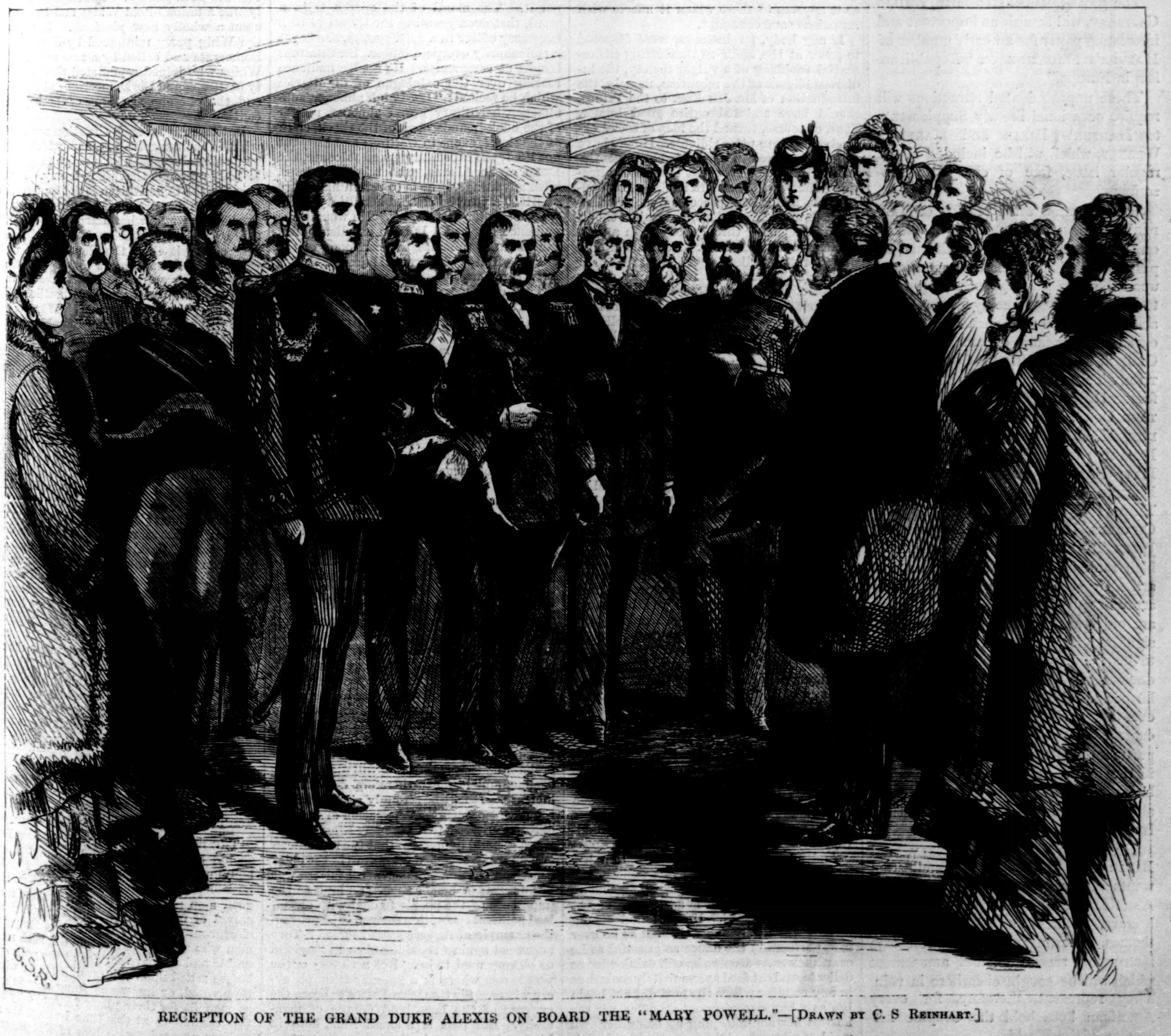
The day was clear and resplendent, more like the middle of October than of November, and at an early hour the streets through which the grand procession was to pass were filled with eager crowds. Every available point was occupied, on the sidewalks, in the windows, and on the steps and porches of shops and private houses. Many thousands of people must have kept their feet for hours for the pleasure of seeing a rather handsome young man in uniform ride by in a carriage. They were not impelled, however, solely by that common curiosity which makes people all over the world run after royalty. The welcome was not so much to the Prince himself as to the representative of a power which, however separated from us by form of government, has always been our firm and steadfast ally. Americans will never forget that she stood our friend at a time when she might have joined hands with European powers that were eager for the destruction of the republic, and by her firmness held the others in check.

On this and another page our artists have pictured for us some of the most interesting incidents of the landing and the reception of the Grand Duke: the departure from the Russian frigate *Svetlana*, the reception on board the *Mary Powell*, and the scene at the grand stand at Union Square.

The reception on board the steamer *Mary Powell;* which had been chartered for the occasion, was interesting and impressive. The steamer left the foot of Vestry Street, North River, at twelve o'clock, noon, and steamed down toward the American and Russian war vessels lying off the Battery. On board were the Russian Minister Catacazy, the Reception Committee, and a large number of invited guests. On coming alongside of the United States frigate *Congress*, she received on board Vice-Admiral Rowan and several other naval officers of high rank and distinction. A barge from the *Svetlana* then came alongside to conduct Minister Catacazy and suit on board that vessel. The minister ascended the gangway of the *Svetlana*, and informed the Grand Duke that the Reception Committee awaited him on the steamer. The Grand Duke, attired in full-dress black uniform, and wearing the Imperial Cross of the Royal Family and the medal of his regiment, descended into the barge in company with Vice-Admiral Possiet, Captain Kremer, Captain Schantz, Minister Catacazy, and suit. The boat approached the starboard ladder of the *Mary Powell*, and the members of the Executive Committee, headed by W. H. Aspinwall, General M'Dowell, and Vice-Admiral Rowan, stood ready to receive his Imperial Highness. The entire Reception Committee were arranged in double column through the lower saloon, up the stairway, and into the centre of the after-part of the upper cabin. The Grand Duke stepped lightly up the ladder, hat in hand, and took the arm of Wm. H. Aspinwall. Minister Catacazy followed, accepting the same courtesy from General M'Dowell; and Vice-Admiral Possiet came next, leaning on the arm of Vice-Admiral Rowan. The suit and personal attendants of the Duke followed. The party ascended the stairway and halted in the centre of the open space reserved for the ceremony of the reception. Major-General Dix then greeted the Grand Duke, and made an appropriate and cordial speech of welcome, to which the Prince appeared to listen with great interest. He replied in English as follows:

> "General Dix, ladies and gentlemen: I beg to express my warmest thanks for the kind feelings to which, on behalf of the people of this great city, you have given expression. They prove that the bonds which exist between Russia and the United States are as strong as they are lasting, and that nothing can sever them. I shall only pass rapidly through New York at present, my first wish being to pay my respects to the President at Washington, whose high character is greatly appreciated by the people of Russia; but on my return to New York I shall have great pleasure in accepting the kind hospitality which has been so generously expressed. Ladies and gentlemen, I heartily thank you."

The Prince spoke fluently, and with only a slight foreign accent. At the conclusion of his address he stepped forward and offered his hand to General Dix, after which the general introductions began, the Grand Duke bowing to each lady and gentleman as they were presented. After some time passed in this manner, during which the steamer made the circuit of the bay, the Grand Duke and suit, Vice-Admiral Possiet, Minister Catacazy and suit, together with all the officers of the United States Reception Fleet, were conducted to the dining-room, where lunch was served. The steamer meanwhile steamed slowly toward pier No. 1 North River, where the landing was to take place, as described on another page.



RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS ON BOARD THE "MARY POWELL."—[Drawn by C. S Reinhart.]

☞ THE Publishers take pleasure in announcing that they have secured for the new Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR the most brilliant and fascinating array of literary and artistic attractions ever offered simultaneously to the American public. They comprise, for immediate issue, besides others that will be in due time announced in these columns, the following works:

"MIDDLEMARCH," a new serial story by GEORGE ELIOT, to commence in HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 16.

"MISS OR MRS.?" by WILKIE COLLINS, illustrated with striking full-page engravings from original drawings, to commence December 23.

"BLADE-O'-GRASS," by B. L. FARJEON, author of "Joshua Marvel," with many beautiful illustrations, to commence in HARPER'S BAZAR for December 16.

"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, with illustrations, to commence in the February number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

They have also secured the plates and advance sheets of "LONDON; A PILGRIMAGE," by GUSTAVE DORÉ and BLANCHARD JERROLD, a new and magnificent series of illustrations from the pencil of the great French artist.

A new Novel by Miss THACKERAY, whose writings have won deserved popularity by their purity of tone, genial imagination, and fascinating style, will be commenced early in the year.

The great Spanish statesman, EMILIO CASTELAR, will furnish an important and interesting paper for an early number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE on "Republicanism in Europe."

These unprecedented attractions will require occasional literary Supplements to HARPER'S BAZAR and HARPER'S WEEKLY, which will be included in the regular issue, free of charge to subscribers.

We congratulate the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR on the rich and tempting intellectual repast provided for their enjoyment, and upon the rare privilege of sitting down to their monthly or weekly feast of fancy and flow of soul with such a select and excellent company of entertainers as GEORGE ELIOT, WILKIE COLLINS, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, CHARLES LEVER, Professor DE MILLE, B. L. FARJEON, GUSTAVE DORÉ, Miss MULOCK, Miss BRADDON, M. D. CONWAY, PORTE CRAYON, BAYARD TAYLOR, R. H. STODDARD, JOHN HAY, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, EUGENE LAWRENCE, Dr. I. I. HAYES, THOMAS NAST, SOL EYTINGE, Jun., CHARLES PARSONS, W. L. SHEPPARD, JULES TAVERNER, and many others of high rank in the world of letters and art. In securing this unprecedented array of splendid names, the Publishers are only carrying out their original design, and fulfilling what they conceive to be the legitimate duty of the conductors of widely circulated and popular periodicals. They intend that wherever their periodicals circulate they shall exert a healthful influence in every department of literature and art; and that in the future, as in the past, they shall be not only unsurpassed but unapproachable in the sphere of illustrated journalism.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR meet and satisfy the intellectual wants of the great mass of intelligent American readers; and in treating of literary, political, social, or domestic themes, offer an amount of wholesome instruction, recreation, and amusement which will be sought elsewhere in vain. They represent, therefore, for every American household the Graphic Literature of the World.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

☞ *Persons desiring to renew their Subscriptions to* HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their Names as early as convenient* BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTIONS. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

For Terms, etc., see Advertisement on page 1159.

☞ *In the Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *the reader will find another very interesting page of Russian Sketches; a very characteristic illustration, appropriate to the season, entitled*

Thanksgiving Dinner in a New England Farm-House;

a street scene in New York; an illustrated Story; and other artistic and literary attractions.

ALEXIS AND HIS WELCOME.

ONE of the accounts of the reception of the Russian Prince in New York stated that "ALEXIS certainly received such an ovation as no man on earth ever received before from New Yorkers between the Battery and Union Square." That is strong language, for New Yorkers have heretofore offered a similar "ovation" to the Japanese TOMMY and the Prince of Wales, and it seemed as if we had exhausted all the resources of parading all the soldiers, and packing the windows and house-tops and street lanterns with spectators, and shouting until we could shout no more in honor of the hero of the hour. Certainly nobody grudges the handsome young Russian his enthusiastic welcome, under the stress of which, according to the report, he bore himself with good-humored dignity. There was, of course, in itself something very comical in the eager interest of a great city and country in a youth of whom nothing whatever can be said but that he is an emperor's son; and it was very natural to say that Yankees love a lord. But the truth is, that such an excitement for such a cause is not so insignificant as it appears to those whom it affects with impatience and contempt.

If any body, for instance, were disposed to sneer at the affair as illustrating the essential snobbery of a vulgar society, the ludicrous climax of the reception, namely, the introduction of Mr. JIM FISK to the Prince, should have restored entire good humor. That, of course, turned the idea of social exclusiveness into utter ridicule. It may have vaguely occurred to the more solemn gentlemen of the committee that there was something inexpressibly absurd in elaborate preparations, and a long procession under chiming bells and waving flags, and amidst shouting and rejoicing throngs, to end in a presentation of Mr. JIM FISK. But Fate kindly provides those reliefs. "The best families," of which the reporters respectfully spoke, the select society admitted by cards to certain front seats in the proceedings, were thus drolly brought to grief by the anticlimax. Certainly nobody should be troubled by the social aspect of the reception, which, with its culmination, nobody can think of without inextinguishable laughter.

Nor is the interest in the arrival of the Prince to be explained as a tribute to an ancient ally and friend. Russia was friendly to us during the war, but it was not the kind of friendship that inspires popular enthusiasm; and our relations with the country are too remote to give Russia any more hold of the popular heart than Japan. The affair is very simple, and has very little to do with the Prince. Nobody need draw conclusions from it unfavorable to our national character or manners. If it had been a Crim Tartar, or a king of the Cannibal Islands, or a white elephant, the excitement would have been precisely the same. It was the chance of a holiday spectacle that gathered the people—a spectacle of which they themselves were the chief part. The event had been so carefully "written up," the preparations had been so elaborate, and the mere delay of the fleet had so excited public attention, that the rest was inevitable. It was not snobbery, nor honor to our ally, nor interest in the Prince: it was the opportunity of a holiday that filled the streets; and as enthusiasm is contagious, the Prince's welcome was what GRANT'S, or SHERMAN'S, or some other real hero's might have been, after a great war or a great debate, in which a country had been saved and civilization advanced.

And now that the public reception has passed, however foolish private society may be, it can not be more foolish than that to which the young man is accustomed. Let nobody be troubled. He will find among us ladies as lovely and well-bred as he ever saw, partners in the dance as graceful as he ever knew. At dinners he will drink wine as delicate, and eat food as exquisitely cooked, as in any country where the host did not begin life as a boy sweeping out an office, nor the hostess her housekeeping by being her own maid-of-all-work. The feeling which is flattered to be near him because he is a prince, is precisely the feeling which speaks of "our best families." It is the dear old soul of the snob which is universal, and which, when there is no prince, is happy with rich and fashionable people. It is not because we love a lord, but because we like to enjoy ourselves, that we welcome the Russian with such enthusiasm.

THE ENGLISH QUEEN AND THE REPUBLICANS.

THE speech of Sir CHARLES DILKE at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in England, and the constant reports of meetings at which the Queen is freely criticised, are signs too significant to be disregarded. The remarks of the English press upon the speech show that it is not thought to be unimportant. Those, however, who say that Sir CHARLES is not to be confounded with BRADLAUGH and BEALE forget that it is because of those men that he speaks. That is to say, the feeling which they represent among the working classes has become so general that Sir CHARLES is sure of an immense popular support when he ventures upon a strain so contemptuous of monarchy. Mr. BAGEHOT, in his work upon the English Constitution, says that the monarchy is intrenched in popular superstition. It is surrounded by a glamour, and the mass of the people imagine the monarch to be a mystic personage crowned and clad in ermine and purple, holding a sceptre, and governing: and he adds that they are wholly ignorant of the fact that the king is a name merely, and that the government is conducted by a committee of the House of Commons.

If this be so, the first duty of the friends of monarchy is to maintain the glamour, and to surround the person of the monarch with pomp and state of every kind. To such a popular imagination of the government as BAGEHOT describes a secluded widow in weeds can not be a queen. But the glamour is, in fact, swiftly disappearing. The speech of Sir CHARLES DILKE is a rude blow to dispel it. The moral of the speech is, in a word, that even granting the Queen to be a necessary officer in a good system, she is yet a ridiculously overpaid officer. Sir CHARLES laughs at ceremonies. He set his audience roaring over the catalogue of dignitaries which he recited: "Lord high almoner, sub-almoner, hereditary grand almoner, master of the buck-hounds, clerk of the check, clerk of the closet, exons in waiting; and last, but not least, the hereditary grand falconer, the Duke of St. Albans, who might, perhaps, with advantage, if he is to retain his salary of £1500 a year, be created hereditary grand pigeon-shooter in ordinary." No wonder the audience laughed. It is an excellent joke. Sir CHARLES ridicules the ceremony of the crown. But, "Sire, your Majesty's self is but a ceremony."

The difference between Sir CHARLES DILKE'S speech and that of EDMUND BURKE upon similar abuses a century ago is that BURKE, like the English people, was penetrated with the sentiment of loyalty. Indeed, EDMUND BURKE was the high-priest and poet of British loyalty. He aimed at reforms in the crown expenses in order to secure the crown. But Sir CHARLES, in laughing at them, ridicules the crown itself. For loyalty is gone in England. The divinity that hedges a monarch, and consequently the monarchy, has disappeared. The form of government has therefore become a mere matter of pecuniary calculation. The value of the crown is a sum in simple addition. While BURKE would have purged the royal household of abuses as he would have cut off the suckers that hampered a noble tree, Sir CHARLES DILKE says that if it can be shown that a republic would be free from the corruption of a monarchy, he and the middle classes would say, Let it come.

That this is the feeling of a very large class of intelligent Englishmen, as well as of the mass of the less educated, is beyond question. It is not relieved by any thing in the character of the prospective monarch, and is, as we see in the speech of Sir CHARLES DILKE, but slightly tempered by the fact that the present monarch is a woman. There is no probability that this feeling will disappear or decline, and it must therefore deepen and increase. It will be strongly stimulated by the recent peaceful emancipation of the city of New York from the Tammany Ring. There was a general impression that the republican system was a conspicuous failure in the chief American city, and that general failure was but a result of longer time. So long as the impotence of the people to deal with organized political corruption seemed to be proved, the example of America was as good a Tory argument against republicanism in England as slavery used to be. But a victory of the people any where is a popular triumph every where. Sir CHARLES DILKE exposes the expense of the household details of monarchy. But that is a small item, both in kind and quantity, in the sum of its cost.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

MR. A. H. H. STUART, of Virginia, has made his contribution of advice to the Democratic party in its extremity, and it is, that in the Presidential campaign of next year the name of Democrat and Conservative be dropped, and that "the high and holy purposes" of the Democratic party be indicated by the name of "Constitutional party." This proposition has a fine old Beleveret flavor. Our platform, said that famous party, is the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws. But it may truly be said of Mr. STUART'S method of Democratic victory made easy that the name he suggests is as appropriate as those that he would discard. A party which, while defending and extending human slavery, called itself Democratic, and while actively in one part of the country, and passively in the other, trying to overthrow the government, called itself Conservative, may also, when foiled in the attempt to destroy the Constitution, solemnly call itself Constitutional. The motley host called the Democratic party is quite as constitutional as it is democratic, and as conservative as it is constitutional.

Mr. STUART proposes to rebuild "the Temple of Liberty," and advises union with Messrs. SCHURZ, TRUMBULL, COX, of Ohio, GRATZ BROWN, and WILLIAM M. EVARTS for that purpose. They are very excellent men, but they are hardly ready to become cat's-paws. They probably do not wish the renomination of the President; but to suppose them, therefore, willing to bring the Democratic party into power, as a less disastrous alternative, is fatally to accuse their patriotism and good sense. For in all the rumor of coalition, of new parties, of plotting and planning and conspiring, there is one constant fact which can never be overlooked, and which should be constantly stated—namely, that the coalition is a desperate device of the Democratic party to save itself. New parties are formed only when old issues are so obsolete that the force of the new disintegrates both parties. The Republican party was a union of old Whigs and Democrats upon a wholly new platform. It was not the Whig party reinforced by discontented Democrats and called by a new name. The Whigs who joined repudiated their old party platform, and the Democrats did likewise, and the old organizations of both parties continued.

But there is no such situation now. For what is the commanding issue which necessarily dissolves both of the great parties? Nobody pretends that there is any. Reverence for the Constitution is not an issue, because both parties profess the utmost regard for it; and what imaginable security could the Democratic party give of higher respect for it than the Republicans, when the whole country knows that the Southern Democrats drew their swords because they could not impose a meaning hostile to liberty upon the Constitution? What object that was ever dear to any Republican does he hope to gain by weakening his own party to strengthen the Democratic? It is not true that both parties are dissolving, and that a new party is inevitable. The New York *World*, which favors the coalition, says frankly that there is no real line of division between Republicans like Mr. SCHURZ and the Democratic party. It does not say and it does not mean that its party should disband; and its argument is intended to show Mr. SCHURZ that if he has left the Republicans, he must join the Democrats.

The elections, also, show a Republican union and firmness which indicate the deep conviction of the American people that Republican ascendency is the guarantee of peace and progress. It is the plain significance of those elections which has so startled the Democratic chiefs that they are lost in perplexity as to their future course, and have issued proposals to all dissatisfied persons. It is by the Republican party that the reforms most desired are to be accomplished. We see with regret honorable men who despair of the party. But we believe that as the time for action approaches they will recover something of their old faith, and decide—even if it seem to them no more—for the party which has saved liberty, rather than that which has served slavery.

THE NEW CITY CHARTER.

THE new charter of the city of New York should be very simple and intelligible, embodying the results of experience. It is impossible, for instance, in our system, that good men should be elected, if there are a crowd of unknown persons for whom the elector must vote. How many of the young men who at the late election did such memorable and effective service at the polls ever before relied upon the candidates for whom they voted, or knew any thing about them, as men fit for their places? And they had this confidence at this time because the reformers assured themselves of the personal character of the candidates, and the young men depended upon the reformers. But this can not always be so. There can not always be the same stirring of the community to its depths; and although there is no doubt that the good impetus of this autumn will be felt for many a year, it is not something upon which we ought permanently to count, for the system which required it is essentially vicious. We do not mean that there is any excuse for a want of practical and personal interest in politics, but only that there is no excuse for those who take such an interest if they permit the vicious system to continue.

The error began with the Constitution of 1846. The principle of that Constitution, and the theory of the men who made it, was that, as all power resides in the people, every individual function of government must be imposed by a direct act of the people. By this dogma any method of reaching results which the people might see to be preferable to the one that they practiced was virtually prohibited. It was treason to the people, for instance, to declare that a great many officers should be appointed by others who are elected, instead of being elected directly by the people. Indeed, demagogery was the natural fruit of our present Constitution. "The people" were made as tyrannical as kings are reputed to be. And every rascal who bought votes and stuffed ballot-boxes declared that he confided in the people, who are always good and great. Now it is true that the popular judgment of great principles and tendencies is usually correct, but the popular knowledge of individuals is often very slight; and one of the difficult practical problems of our system is the method of selecting candidates.

This must be made as easy as possible in the new charter. We must not rely upon a perpetual heroic public virtue. Men will usually take some trouble if they can see how a good result will follow; but they will take none if they can not. If, for instance, as Mr. NORDHOFF suggests, the system of the national government should be adopted in the city, there would be a general knowledge of a candidate for Mayor, as there is of a Presidential candidate, and those who would not interest themselves in the nomination of fifty persons, of whom they could know nothing, would gladly join to nominate one man whom they knew, and who should appoint the fifty, and be responsible for them. The municipal legislature, like the national, might be elected, with the minority fairly represented in larger and smaller districts. The project of a legislature elected by tax-payers is impracticable, because no satisfactory line of division can be drawn between those who are tax-payers and those who are not; nor is there any good reason why the expenditure for the common advantage should be controlled by any class. The principle that those who supply the money for public purposes, even if they could be properly ascertained, should alone direct its use, is one which leads to the most perplexing but logical results.

But one cardinal condition of any improved municipal government must be a proper system of filling the subordinate offices. The principle of a reformed civil service must be applied to city administration. Patronage must be practically abolished here, as in the larger sphere; and nowhere is it so practicable as here, if there is the resolute purpose that it shall be. With this there should be a constant public inspection of the accounts, and a direct hold of the people upon offending officers of high degree. Indeed, the vital points of a proper charter are not many. Any elaborate system, however, devised merely for party ascendency, must fail. The welfare of the city in the future depends very much upon the subordination of party politics to a common interest. The moment was never so auspicious. But the great result of the victory would be lost should it be turned only to partisan uses.

JENKINS AND THE PRINCE.

JENKINS always disappoints. He leads us to the very door of the enchanted chamber, and there his incantation fails. When Father HYACINTHE came, Jenkins, who had reported his apostrophes to the stars and the ocean upon the passage, and who attended him with eager and comprehensive eyes to his chamber, forgot to tell us how many towels hung upon his rack, and what soap he used in washing his hands. Now those are the important facts for Jenkins. What Father HYACINTHE might say about the moon or the Pope can be imagined; but who, save Jenkins, could tell us whether the excellent father's boots were half-soled or not? or whether, and if whether, when, he made use of a fine-tooth comb? There were not the details, also, of the father's tooth-brush which we had a right to expect from a Jenkins who has a proper sense of his function in human society; and the total omission of any reference to the Hyacinthine nasal habits during sleep, or—we beg Jenkins's pardon—when wrapped in Elysian slumbers, was an instance of sad negligence or actual want of comprehension of the public expectation.

These faults we had hoped to see repaired when fate offered so great an opportunity as the arrival of an actual grand duke. We are all accustomed to the most awful grandeurs of rank upon the stage, but not in the street: and what can be a more ennobling subject of contemplation than the furniture and carpet and spittoons of a room in which a prince—"a certain high personage," as the older newspapers used to say, catching their breath—dines or sleeps? To gratify this noble curiosity is the generous purpose of Jenkins. But the theme is, perhaps, too oppressively august. For, speaking with respectful awe of the house in which the Prince deigned to pass a day in Washington, he says, "The hall is wide and roomy, fitted up with hat-racks," etc Do princes, then, wear hats? Do imperial highnesses, indeed, cover their heads like other men? Jenkins invites us, as it were, upon the threshold, to meditate this great question. Then he whispers, to lead us on to still higher thoughts, that "the parlors communicate by folding-doors," and that "the carpet of the front-room has a gray ground with neat flowers." He says nothing of the carpet of the "rear room," and we are left to fancy that it may be a neat ground with gray flowers But our friend recovers himself in the dining-room, which "has a Brussels carpet of blue and gray."

These are truths which will be contemplated with reverential pleasure, and when we are told, further, that "the table-linen all bears Madame CATACAZY's coronet and the initials O. C. (OLGA DE CATACAZY)," and that "the china (Dresden) also bears the same inscription," our cup of happiness (Sèvres) fairly runs over Then we are admitted, by the wand of Jenkins, to the chamber, or, as he gracefully calls it, the apartment, of the Prince. We learn that "the floor is covered with a Persian rug," and that "the furniture includes a rose-wood armoire with full-length mirror," and "a French bedstead resembling a couch," with "a pretty antique bureau of LOUIS XIV.'s time." This is edifying, but it is also vexatious. It is too general. As in the case of Father HYACINTHE, there is a cruel injustice of omission of all details of the toweling and tooth-powder; and Jenkins, breathing a diplomatic air, is wisely silent about the boot-jack. Besides, what satisfaction is there in knowing that "all the furniture is covered with chintz," if we are told nothing of the dress of the high being who sits upon it? To what purpose should we be told of the dress of the furniture, if we are to hear nothing of the Prince's dress?

This is where our artist fails. Any body could tell us of a room, and of its carpets and furniture, and of the outer apparel of the most royal and imperial of princes. But Jenkins falls below his own ideal until he interviews the august under-clothing of our imperial ally. It is idle to linger upon Persian rugs, or to dally upon a French bedstead resembling a couch, if we are to be rudely turned away without a glimpse of imperial under-clothing, called socks. Are they merino, Jenkins, or linen, or, perhaps, linen and cotton mixed? And what is the pattern? And in colder weather—say in January—does he exchange them for heavy woolen? and, Jenkins, are they ribbed? It is the imperfection of his work of which we complain. There is no allusion to slippers—none to the toes of boots! Why should Jenkins be so silent about the latter, about something that he has felt so often and knows so well?

HAZING.

THE Secretary of the Navy has recently expelled six pupils from the Annapolis Academy for hazing. It was a most proper punishment of one of the meanest acts of which half a dozen boys can be guilty toward another. We understand, also, that hazing was never so rife as it has been at Harvard College since the opening of the new academic year. Now if the young gentlemen of that institution suppose it to be a manly or amusing business, they should be swiftly undeceived, for there is nothing more cowardly than a gang of bullies outraging a single victim. Hazing, as some of our readers may not understand, is just that. Half a dozen Sophomores go to the room of a single Freshman, and compel him to do their foolish pleasure; and if he resists, they thrash him, or pull his clothes off, and lay him in bed and pour dirty water over him. He is one to five or six, and of course they can do what they will. But sometimes, as in one late instance at Harvard, the Freshman smites one of the Sophs, and lays him sprawling upon the ground.

Hazing is not a sign of frolic boyishness nor of high spirits, but of an unmanly fear of an equal contest. If a single Soph undertook to cope with a single Freshman, and to show him life, there would be the chance which every man has against a single blackguard. But to sneak in squads to hold another fellow and pour slops upon him is simply dastardly, and an offense against honor and manhood of which every one of the sneaks should be heartily ashamed. There are a great many secret societies in the colleges, which are supposed to foster the sentiments of a generous rivalry of courtesy and manly excellence. If they wish to be directly useful, let them brand hazing, as it deserves, with the name of the cowardice which it really is. Let every such society require of every member that he show in his conduct and by his influence that he is a gentleman, for no gentleman is guilty of hazing.

Hazing is an amusement like that of the Spanish boors who tossed Sancho Panza in a blanket, and only fat-witted persons find pleasure in it. In every class the noble and generous men are never the hazers, and when you find a hazer, you find a fellow whom all such men despise. If a gang of pickpockets hustles a passenger upon the street, or a sneak-thief makes off with a man's coat from the hall, or he is assaulted in his room by a crowd of roughs, he very properly makes complaint at the police-office, and turns them over to the law. It is not, we believe, generally pleaded in their behalf that they are gallant youth with exuberant spirits, and that boys will be boys. Bullies and sneaks, in college or out of college, are not good-natured perpetrators of droll mischief. They are nuisances and pests. The Secretary of the Navy has done only his duty toward all the honorable pupils at Annapolis; and he is a poor-spirited collegian any where who will not give the proper authorities the opportunity to do the cause justice.

PERSONAL.

IT may possibly interest out-of-town readers of the *Weekly* to know that the gentlemen to whom the Committee of Seventy have intrusted the work of framing a new charter for this city are General DIX, EDWARDS PIERREPONT, SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, HENRY G. STEBBINS, ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, Judge EMOTT, WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, and ex-Governor SALOMON. These gentlemen are now putting the matter into shape, and in such shape that the Legislature will, in all probability, give it the force of law before the first day of February next.

—One of the *causes célèbres* of the day is now pending in the Surrogate's Court of this city—the will of LOUIS BONARD, a man who is said to have been a believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis. Dr. HAMMOND, late Surgeon-General, gives it as his testimony that a man's religious belief, no matter what it is, is no ground for inferring insanity, and that as to metempsychosis, it included among its believers such men as LIEBNITZ and LESSING, and that it was held by Brahmins and Buddhists, and by probably half the human race.

—The Rev EDWARD EVERETT HALE, who has been spending a brief season in Chicago, writes back to the Boston *Advertiser* a vivid account of how things look to him. He thinks what is called the Chicago River is a mere tuppenny brook, reminding him of the satire of Mr. SAM DEXTER, of Boston, in the discussion of the original building of the Dover-street Bridge. Mr. DEXTER was told that in his speech he had not alluded to the maritime commerce of Roxbury. He bided his time, and when it came he said, "I am now, gentlemen, to consider the commerce of the Roxbury ditch." Such is the malignant spirit manifested by the Unitarian clergyman of Massachusetts in A.D. 1871 toward his burned brother of the West!

—Scientific men may be interested to know that Sir EDWARD SABINE has been engaged for a quarter of a century in working up tables and charts which will be a reduction of all that has been observed of terrestrial magnetism into a precise system. Alone with his wife, who is his constant assistant, in a quiet retreat, he is patiently doing a work of formidable proportions, which attracts no public attention, but which will be of exceeding value to science when complete. It will take two more years to complete the work.

—Senator WILSON, of Massachusetts, flatly refuses to have any connection with the Labor Reform party, believing the Republican party a better organization for the elevation of the working-man. He says: "Born in extreme poverty, and bound as an apprentice at an early age, he learned by bitter experience the trials and hardships the poor are doomed to suffer. He saw and felt the degrading influence of a system that held workmen in enforced toil, and hence he assisted to make a political party to emancipate the slave, and free him from the iron rule of his master. He did what he could to bring that party into power. Its work was not secure, and he can do nothing to endanger that work. He is constrained to stand by that party till the great work is secured and finished. If, however, working-men should deem it to be their interest to hold a convention, he hopes it will result in benefit to the republic."

—The Southern States are gradually sending to the United States Senate men "native and to the manner born." Northern men are gradually being dropped out, though of the twenty-eight members from the South twelve are members of that enterprising body of men known as "carpet-baggers." The newly elected Senator from Georgia, THOMAS M. NORWOOD, is forty-one years old, and a native of that State. He graduated at Emory College in the class of 1850, and commenced the practice of law at Savannah, where he has since resided. He was a member of the Georgia Legislature in 1861–62, and neither before nor since the war has held any other office. His father, a man of fortune, believed it proper for every body to learn some trade. Accordingly young NORWOOD learned how to make boots and shoes, and with his own hands made the boots he wore when he went to college. He is a close student and thinker, an able debater, and is said to be one of the best-informed men of his age in Georgia.

—DAVID PAUL BROWN, one of the very foremost men of the American bar, is still living in Philadelphia, at the age of seventy-seven, hale and hearty. He is frequently seen on the streets, almost as erect and graceful as when he thrilled court-rooms and was followed by crowds of admirers. He was always rather an exquisite in his dress, and to this day his blue coat and brass buttons, buff vest and light pantaloons, gloved hands, neat boots, and rather rakish hat, prove the youthfulness of his taste and the gayety of his disposition. He defends this peculiarity by saying that he had never known a man to speak well in clumsy boots, nor to have a clear mind with dirty hands and face.

—Unlike most gentlemen arriving in this country, certainly most unlike any prince, the first thing the Grand Duke ALEXIS did, after arriving at his hotel in this city, and brushing himself up a little, was to enter carriages with his suit and drive to the Greek chapel in Second Avenue near Fiftieth Street, and give thanks for his safe passage. Then he returned and dined like a gentleman.

—Mr. GEORGE H. BOKER, our newly appointed minister to Turkey, and a true "gentleman of letters," is a man of mark in appearance, being six feet high and of a manly and gracious presence. Although born to wealth, he is a worker. He has great mechanical skill, and a miniature workshop connected with his residence enables him to indulge this taste. By "all sorts and conditions of men" in Philadelphia he is held in high esteem.

—Among recent visitors at the White House were Mr. BOYLE, managing trustee of the estate of the Marquis of Bute, and Mr. LOUGHLANE, president of the Anglo-African steamship line. These gentlemen are arranging for the establishment of a line of steamers from Cardiff, Wales, to this city, and are seeing what can be done here and at Washington to forward the enterprise.

—Mr. GLADSTONE, in his recent speech to his constituents at Greenwich, told them a fact which most of them did not know, and which is not known to most people, viz., that his was the first liberal ministry in England that had ever subsisted for three years with a large majority. In his time there have been but three liberal governments with large majorities, those of Earl Grey, Lord Palmerston, and Earl Russell.

—Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS's new poem, "Love is Enough," is soon to be published. It will be issued with illustrations and ornamental borders specially designed for it.

—One of the papers speaks of Madame CATACAZY's receiving the young Russian Prince in a "dress of gold." The dress she wore on that occasion was of pale lemon-colored silk tissue, or *crêpe de Paris*. The corsage, however, was heavily embroidered in real gold.

—Among the many incidents in the many-sided career of General BUTLER, JAMES REDPATH tells this: General B., in one of his speeches in the late campaign, attacked Mr. SANBORN, the editor of the Springfield *Republican*. The editor rose to reply, and the people refused to hear him, and made a great uproar. He came up to BUTLER, greatly excited, and said: "General, they say you ordered the band to play if I attempted to speak." The General replied: "I suppose the audience has a right to decide upon the kind of brass they will listen to. But," he added, quietly, "you wrong me. My orders were, if you opened your mouth, to throw you out of the window."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Monday, November 20, Controller Connolly resigned, and Mr. Andrew H. Green was appointed to fill the vacancy. Mr. Connolly was subsequently arrested on the charge of deceit and fraud, and held to bail in the sum of $1,000,000.

Mr. Thomas Murphy has resigned the position of Collector of the Port of New York, and is succeeded by General Chester A. Arthur.

The lower branch of the Legislature of Wyoming has repealed the act legalizing woman suffrage. It was a party measure—all the Democrats voting for, and all the Republicans against it. The upper branch has not acted on the measure.

A sad disaster occurred, November 22, on the Thames River, about five miles from Norwich, Connecticut. A fire, caused no one knows how, broke out before day-break on board the steamer *City of New London*, and gained headway so rapidly that the passengers, numbering seven, and the officers and deckmen, numbering about thirty, were compelled to throw themselves into the water to escape death by fire. Seventeen lives were lost, and the steamer was totally destroyed.

The Hon. O. J. Dunn, Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana, died, November 22, of congestion of the brain.

FOREIGN NEWS.

COUNT DE CHAMBORD, the head of the elder branch of the Bourbon family, has again, for the hundredth time, declined to renounce his right to the throne of France. It makes but little difference from a practical point of view.

By the end of next January France expects to have a new army, consisting of ten corps d'armée well armed and equipped, posted at the great military centres.

Great uneasiness is felt in Madrid over the cabinet crisis. The republican deputies of the Cortes have issued an address advocating the maintenance of order. Meanwhile the bakers and dyers in Valencia, who continue their strike, have assumed so threatening an attitude that more troops have been sent there.

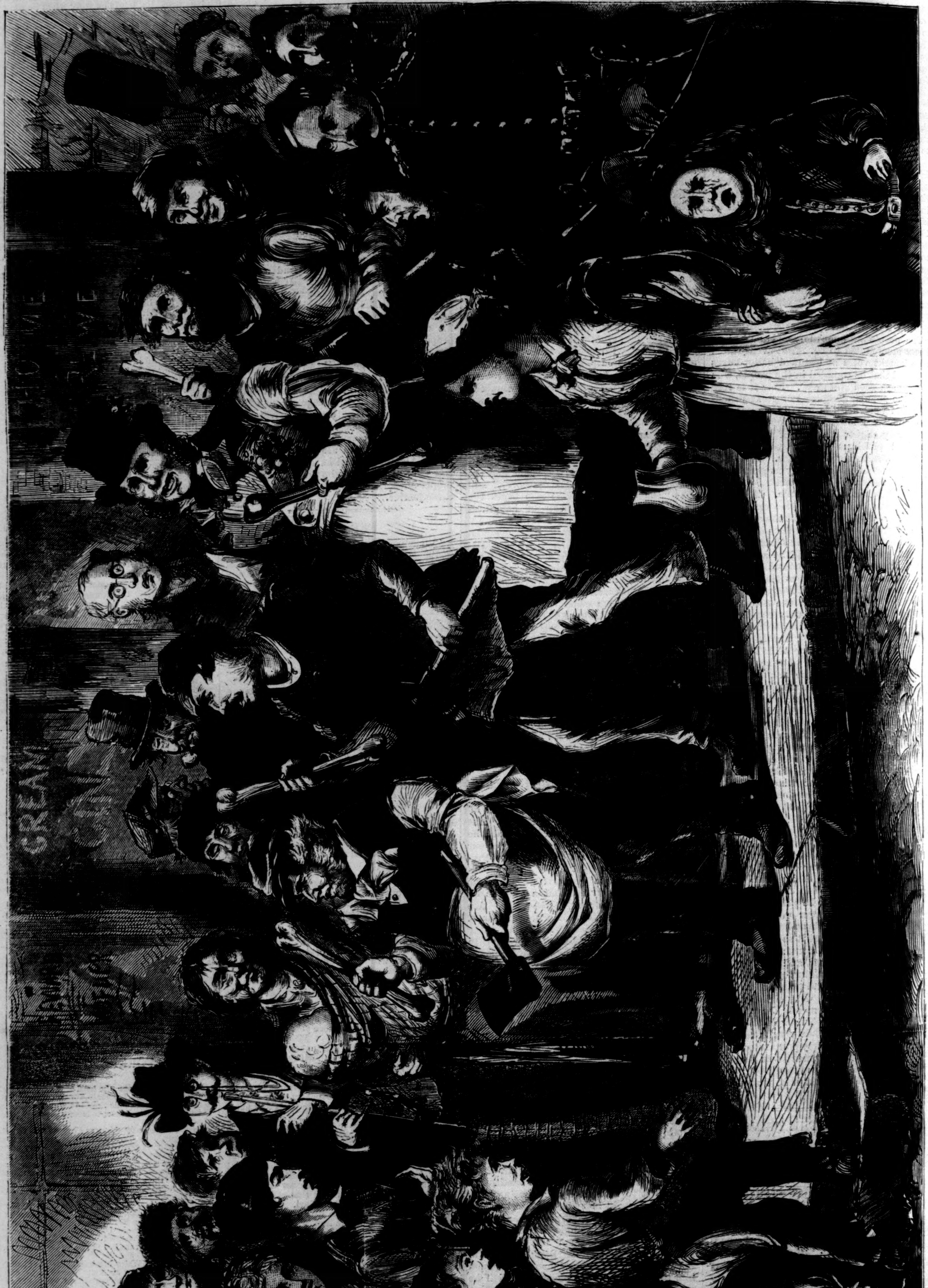
Victor Emanuel made his entry into Rome November 22, and established himself in the Palace of the Quirinal, where he has taken up his permanent residence. He was received with great enthusiasm by the people. It now remains to be seen whether the Pope will carry out his rumored purpose to seek a refuge in France.

The Prince of Wales has been seriously ill with typhoid fever. At last accounts he was better, but not out of danger. Our readers will remember that his father, Prince Albert, died of this disease.

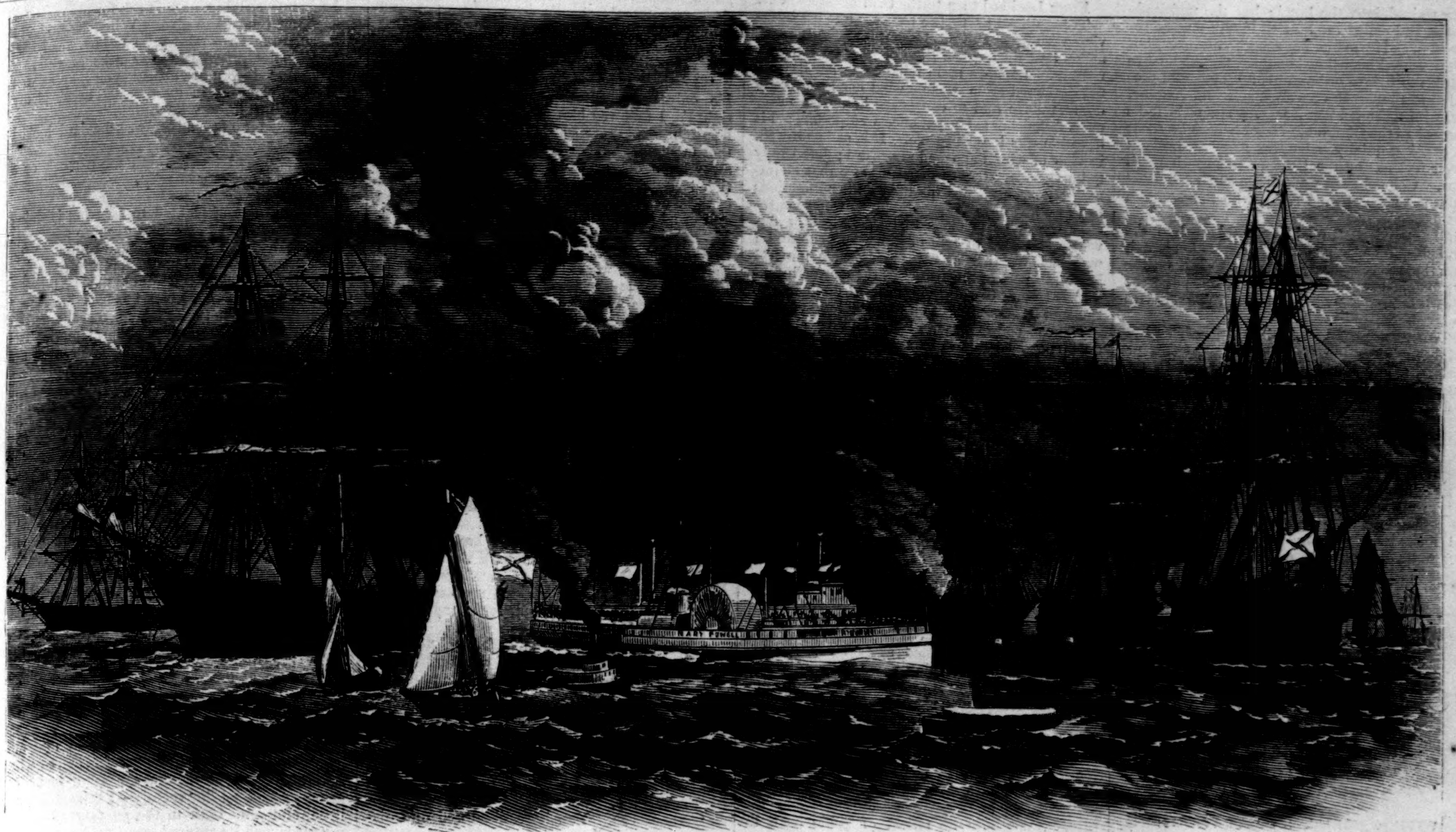
On the 24th of November a large number of the adherents of Louis Napoleon marched through the streets of Paris, shouting "Vive Napoleon!" They were not interfered with.

Mr. John Ruskin, the English art critic, though rejected at Glasgow, has been elected rector of another Scotch university, that of St. Andrew's.

The Belgian government recently appointed an unpopular man to be governor of Limbourg, and, in consequence, several serious riots have taken place in Brussels. The people demand the appointment of another governor, and the dismissal of the ministry.



THE BUTCHER'S WEDDING.—Drawn by E. Mullen.—[See Page 1155.]



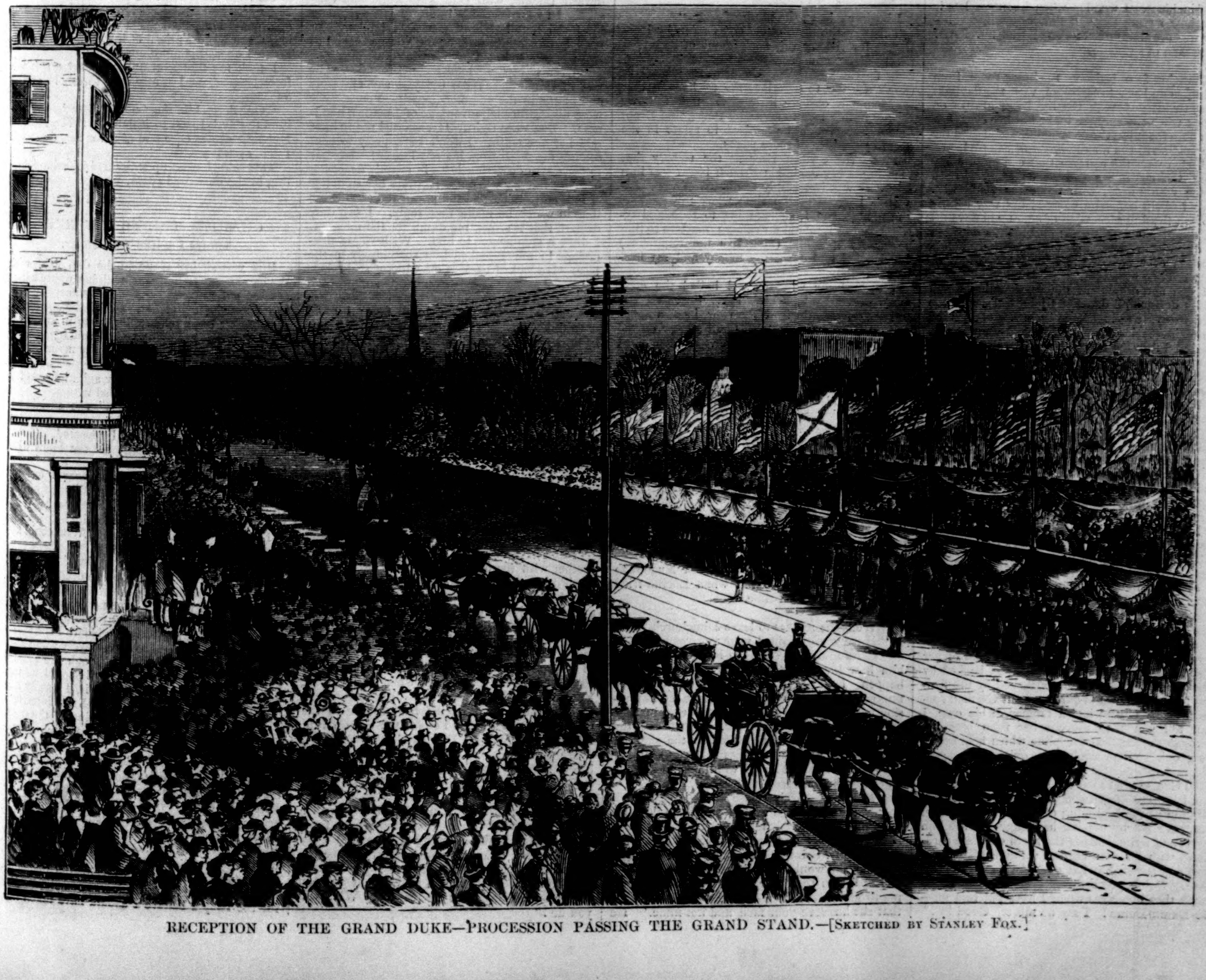
RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS—DEPARTURE FROM THE FRIGATE "SVETLANA."

LANDING OF THE GRAND DUKE.

The Grand Duke **Alexis** landed from the *Mary Powell* shortly after one o'clock. The pier was tastefully decorated with Russian and American flags, and all the available space for sight-seeing was occupied by eager spectators. The Prince, his suit, and the Reception Committee, immediately entered the carriages in waiting for them, passed up the pier, and turned into Broadway, the regiments of soldiers on either side falling into line, one after the other, behind the carriages, as the procession moved along. As it passed up Broadway the imperial visitor was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the people who thronged the sidewalks and crowded the roofs and windows of buildings along the line of march. Cheers rose from the crowd, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and the people seemed to vie with each other in doing honor to Russia's imperial representative. Flags and streamers floated upon the air in every direction, and many of the buildings on Broadway were tastefully decorated.

The Grand Duke alighted from his carriage at the Clarendon Hotel at three o'clock, and soon appeared upon one of the balconies, accompanied by the Russian minister and several other gentlemen. He removed his hat, bowed to the multitude, and was received with deafening cheers. The grand review of the troops then began. As the military passed the Clarendon Hotel and marched up Fourth Avenue, each commissioned officer saluted the Grand Duke, and the latter returned the salutes by removing his hat and slightly inclining his head. The Grand Duke expressed himself highly pleased with the military display, and when the Seventh Regiment passed remarked, "What fine company fronts those men present!" The grand stand in Union Square was finely decorated with national colors, and was occupied by many leading citizens and their families.

When the troops had all passed, the Grand



RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE—PROCESSION PASSING THE GRAND STAND.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

Duke retired into the hotel; but the multitude cheered and called for him so loudly that he reappeared. He made no speech, however, but merely bowed his acknowledgment. About five o'clock the Prince ordered his carriage, and proceeded to the Greek church, on Second Avenue, where he attended service. At six o'clock he returned to the Clarendon Hotel, where he spent the evening quietly. He was serenaded, about eleven o'clock, by the band of the Ninth Regiment. Colonel Fisk was subsequently admitted to the presence of the Prince, who thanked him for the music.

It is stated that, on being conducted to the ducal sleeping apartment in the Clarendon Hotel, the Prince peremptorily refused to sleep on the gorgeous bed prepared for his use, but preferred his own hammock, which had been conveyed to the hotel.

Marie Feodorovna is the name of her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess, sister of Alexis, whose birthday was celebrated in the Greek chapel, on the first Sunday after the arrival of the Grand Duke in New York.

The palace cars occupied by the Grand Duke and suit on the trip from New York to Washington, whither he proceeded the day following the reception, were very elegantly furnished. But Alexis himself, and every member of the royal party, were attired in plain citizen's dress; so that the gaping crowd at the Washington dépôt, who had looked for gold-lace and bright uniforms, were sadly disappointed, and the Imperial Prince escaped identification except by a fortunate few.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

NUGENT SHOWS HIS HAND.

I closed the First Part of my narrative on the day of the operation—the twenty-fifth of June.

I open the Second Part, between six and seven weeks later, on the ninth of August.

How did the time pass at Dimchurch in that interval?

Searching backward in my memory, I call to life again the domestic history of the six weeks. It looks, on retrospection, miserably dull and empty of incident. I wonder, when I contemplate it now, how we got through that weary interval—how we bore that forced inaction, that unrelieved oppression of suspense.

Changing from bedroom to sitting-room, from sitting-room back to bedroom, with the daylight always shut out, with the bandages always on except when the surgeon looked at her eyes, Lucilla bore the imprisonment—and, worse than the imprisonment, the uncertainty—of her period of probation with the courage that can endure any thing, the courage sustained by Hope. With books; with music, with talk—above all, with Love to help her—she counted her way calmly through the dull succession of hours and days till the time came which was to decide the question in dispute between the oculists—the terrible question of which of the two, Mr. Sebright or Herr Grosse, was right.

I was not present at the examination which finally decided all doubt. I joined Oscar in the garden—quite as incapable as he was of exerting the slightest self-control. We paced silently backward and forward on the lawn, like two animals in a cage. Zillah was the only witness present when the German examined our poor darling's eyes, Nugent engaging to wait in the next room and announce the result from the window. As the event turned out, Herr Grosse was beforehand with him. Once more we heard his broken English shouting, "Hi-hi-hoi! hoi-hi! hoi-hi!" Once more we beheld his huge silk handkerchief waving at the window. I turned sick and faint under the excitement of the moment—under the rapture (it was nothing less) of hearing those three electrifying words, "She will see!" Mercy! how we did abuse Mr. Sebright, when we were all reunited again in Lucilla's room!

The first excitement over, we had our difficulties to contend with next.

From the moment when she was positively informed that the operation had succeeded our once patient Lucilla developed into a new being. She now rose in perpetual revolt against the caution which still deferred the day on which she was to be allowed to make the first trial of her sight. It required all my influence, backed by Oscar's entreaties, and strengthened by the furious foreign English of our excellent German surgeon (Herr Grosse had a temper of his own, I can tell you!) to prevent her from breaking through the medical discipline which held her in its grasp. When she became quite unmanageable, and vehemently abused him to his face, our good Grosse used to swear at her, in a compound bad language of his own, with a tremendous aspiration at the beginning of it, which always set matters right by making her laugh. I see him again as I write, leaving the room on these occasions, with his eyes blazing through his spectacles, and his shabby hat cocked sideways on his head. "Soh, you little-spitfire-Feench! If you touch that bandages when I have put him on—Ho-Damn-Damn! I say no more. Good-by!"

From Lucilla I turn to the twin brothers next.

Tranquilized as to the future, after his interview with Mr. Sebright, Oscar presented himself at his best during the time of which I am now writing. Lucilla's main reliance, in her days in the darkened room, was on what her lover could do to relieve and to encourage her. He never once failed her; his patience was perfect; his devotion was inexhaustible. It is sad to say so, in view of what happened afterward; but I only tell a necessary truth when I declare that he immensely strengthened his hold on her affections in those last days of her blindness, when his society was most precious to her. Ah, how fervently she used to talk of him when she and I were left together at night! Forgive me if I leave this part of the history of the courtship untold. I don't like to write of it—I don't like to think of it. Let us get on to something else.

Nugent comes next. I would give a great deal, poor as I am, to be able to leave him out. It is not to be done. I must write about that lost wretch, and you must read about him, whether we like it or not.

The days of Lucilla's imprisonment were also the days when my favorite disappointed me for the first time. He and his brother seemed to change places. It was Nugent now who appeared to disadvantage by comparison with Oscar. He surprised and grieved his brother by leaving Browndown. "All I can do for you, I have done," he said. "I can be of no further use for the present to any body. Let me go. I am stagnating in this miserable place—I must and will have change." Oscar's entreaties, in Nugent's present frame of mind, failed to move him. Away he went one morning, without bidding any body good-by. He had talked of being absent for a week—he remained away for a month. We heard of him leading a wild life among a vicious set of men. It was reported that a frantic restlessness possessed him which nobody could understand. He came back as suddenly as he had left us. His variable nature had swung round, in the interval, to the opposite extreme. He was full of repentance for his reckless conduct; he was in a state of depression which defied rousing; he despaired of himself and his future. Sometimes he talked of going back to America, and sometimes he threatened to close his career by enlisting as a private soldier. Would any other person, in my place, have seen which way these signs pointed? I doubt it, if that person's mind had been absorbed, as mine was, in watching Lucilla day by day. Even if I had been a suspicious woman by nature—which, thank God, I am not—my distrust must have lain dormant, in the all-subduing atmosphere of suspense hanging heavily on me morning, noon, and night in the darkened room.

So much, briefly, for the sayings and doings of the persons principally concerned in this narrative, during the six weeks which separate Part the First from Part the Second.

I begin again on the ninth of August.

This was the memorable day chosen by Herr Grosse for risking the experiment of removing the bandage, and permitting Lucilla to try her sight for the first time. Conceive for yourselves (don't ask me to describe) the excitement that raged in our obscure little circle, now that we were standing face to face with that grand Event in our lives which I promised to relate in the opening sentence of these pages.

I was the earliest riser at the rectory that morning. My excitable French blood was in a fever. I was irresistibly reminded of myself at a time long past—the time when my glorious Pratolungo and I, succumbing to Fate and tyrants, fled to England for safety; martyrs to that ungrateful Republic (long live the Republic!) for which I laid down my money and my husband his life.

I opened my window, and hailed the good omen of sunrise in a clear sky. Just as I was turning away again from the view, I saw a figure steal out from the shrubbery and appear on the lawn. The figure came nearer. I recognized Oscar.

"What in the world are you doing there, at this time in the morning?" I called out.

He lifted his finger to his lips, and came close under my window before he answered.

"Hush!" he said. "Don't let Lucilla hear you. Come down to me as soon as you can. I am waiting to speak to you."

When I joined him in the garden I saw directly that something had gone wrong. "Bad news from Browndown?" I asked.

"Nugent has disappointed me," he answered. "Do you remember the evening when you met me after my consultation with Mr. Sebright?"

"Perfectly."

"I told you that I meant to ask Nugent to leave Dimchurch on the day when Lucilla tried her sight for the first time."

"Well?"

"Well—he refuses to leave Dimchurch."

"Have you explained your motives to him?"

"Carefully, before I asked him to go. I told him how impossible it was to say what might happen. I reminded him that it might be of the utmost importance to me to preserve the impression now in Lucilla's mind—for a certain time only—after Lucilla could see. I promised, the moment she became reconciled to the sight of me, to recall him, and in his presence to tell her the truth. All that I said to him—and how do you think he answered me?"

"Did he positively refuse?"

"No. He walked away from me to the window, and considered a little. Then he turned round suddenly and said, 'What did you tell me was Mr. Sebright's opinion? Mr. Sebright thought she would be relieved instead of being terrified. In that case, what need is there for me to go away? You can acknowledge at once that she has seen your face, and not mine.' He put his hands in his pockets when he had said that (you know Nugent's downright way), and turned back to the window as if he had settled every thing."

"What did you say, on your side?"

"I said, 'Suppose Mr. Sebright is wrong?' He only answered, 'Suppose Mr. Sebright is right?' I followed him to the window—I never heard him speak so sourly to me as he spoke at that moment. 'What is your objection to going away for a day or two?' I asked. 'My objection is soon stated,' he answered. 'I am sick of these everlasting complications. It is useless and cruel to carry on the deception any longer. Mr. Sebright's advice is the wise advice and the right advice. Let her see you as you are.' With that answer, he walked out of the room. Something has upset him—I can't imagine what it is. Do, pray, see what you can make of him! My only hope is in you."

I own I felt reluctant to interfere. Suddenly and strangely as Nugent had altered his point of view, it seemed to me undeniable that Nugent was right. At the same time, Oscar looked so disappointed and distressed that it was really impossible, on that day above all others, to pain him additionally by roundly saying No. I undertook to do what I could—and I inwardly hoped that circumstances would absolve me from the necessity of doing any thing at all.

Circumstances failed to justify my selfish confidence in them.

I was out in the village after breakfast, on a domestic errand connected with the necessary culinary preparations for the reception of Herr Grosse, when I heard my name pronounced behind me, and, turning round, found myself face to face with Nugent.

"Has my brother been bothering you this morning," he asked, "before I was up?"

I instantly noticed a return in him, as he said that, to the same dogged, ungracious manner which had perplexed and displeased me at my last confidential interview with him in the rectory garden.

"Oscar has been speaking to me this morning," I replied.

"About me?"

"About you. You have distressed and disappointed him—"

"I know! I know! Oscar is worse than a child. I am beginning to lose all patience with him."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Nugent. You have borne with him so kindly thus far—surely you can make allowance for him to-day. His whole future may depend on what happens in Lucilla's sitting-room a few hours hence."

"He is making a mountain out of a mole-hill—and so are you."

Those words were spoken bitterly, almost rudely. I answered sharply on my side.

"You are the last person living who has any right to say that. Oscar is in a false position toward Lucilla, with your knowledge and consent. In your brother's interests you agreed to the fraud that has been practiced on her. In your brother's interests, again, you are asked to leave Dimchurch. Why do you refuse?"

"I refuse because I have come round to your way of thinking. What did you say of Oscar and of me in the summer-house? You said we were taking a cruel advantage of Lucilla's blindness. You were right. It *was* cruel not to have told her the truth. I won't be a party to concealing the truth from her any longer! I refuse to persist in deceiving her—in meanly deceiving her—on the day when she recovers her sight!"

It is entirely beyond my power to describe the tone in which he made that reply. I can only declare that it struck me dumb for the moment. I drew a step nearer to him. With vague misgivings in me, I looked him searchingly in the face. He looked back at me without shrinking.

"Well?" he asked, with a hard smile which defied me to put him in the wrong.

I could discover nothing in his face; I could only follow my instincts as a woman. Those instincts warned me to accept his explanation.

"I am to understand, then, that you have decided on staying here?" I said.

"Certainly!"

"What do you propose to do when Herr Grosse arrives, and we assemble in Lucilla's room?"

"I propose to be present among the rest of you at the most interesting moment of Lucilla's life."

"No! you don't propose that!"

"I do!"

"You have forgotten something, Mr. Nugent Dubourg."

"What is it, Madame Pratolungo?"

"You have forgotten that Lucilla believes the brother with the discolored face to be You, and the brother with the fair complexion to be Oscar. You have forgotten that the surgeon has expressly forbidden us to agitate her by entering into any explanations before he allows her to use her eyes. You have forgotten that the very deception which you have just positively refused to go on with will be, nevertheless, a deception continued, if you are present when Lucilla sees. Your own resolution pledges you not to enter the rectory doors until Lucilla has discovered the truth." In those words I closed the vice on him. I had got Mr. Nugent Dubourg!

He turned deadly pale. His eyes dropped before mine for the first time.

"Thank you for reminding me," he said. "I *had* forgotten."

He pronounced those submissive words in a suddenly lowered voice. Something in his tone, or something in the dropping of his eyes, set my heart beating quickly, with a certain vague expectation which I was unable to realize to myself.

"You agree with me," I said, "that you can not be one among us at the rectory? What will you do?"

"I will remain at Browndown," he answered.

I felt he was lying. Don't ask for my reasons: I have no reasons to give. When he said, "I will remain at Browndown," I felt he was lying.

"Why not do what Oscar asks of you?" I went on. "If you are absent, you may as well be in one place as in another. There's plenty of time still to leave Dimchurch."

He looked up as suddenly as he had looked down.

"Do you and Oscar think me a stock or a stone?" he burst out, angrily.

"What do you mean?"

"Who are you indebted to for what is going to happen to-day?" he went on, more and more passionately. "You are indebted to Me. Who among you all stood alone in refusing to believe that she was blind for life! *I* did! Who brought the man here who has given her back her sight? *I* brought the man! And I am the one person who is to be left in ignorance of how it ends. The others are to be present: I am to be sent away. The others are to see it: I am to hear by post (if any of you think of writing to me) what she does, what she says, how she looks, at the first heavenly moment when she opens her eyes on the world." He flung up his hand in the air, and burst out savagely with a bitter laugh. "I astonish you, don't I? I am claiming a position which I have no right to occupy. What interest can *I* feel in it? O God! what do *I* care about the woman to whom I have given a new life!" His voice broke into a sob at those last wild words. He tore at the breast of his coat as if he was suffocating, and turned and left me.

I stood rooted to the spot. In one breathless instant the truth broke on me like a revelation. At last I had penetrated the terrible secret. Nugent loved her.

My first impulse, when I recovered myself, hurried me at the top of my speed back to the rectory. For a moment or two I think I must really have lost my senses. I felt a frantic suspicion that he had gone into the house, and that he was making his way to Lucilla at that moment. When I found that all was quiet—when Zillah had satisfied me that no visitor had come near our side of the rectory—I calmed down a little, and went back to the garden to compose myself before I ventured into Lucilla's presence.

After a while I got over the first horror of it, and saw my own position plainly. There was not a living soul at Dimchurch in whom I could confide. Come what might of it, in this dreadful emergency, I must trust in myself alone.

I had just arrived at that startling conclusion; I had shed some bitter tears when I remembered how hardly I had judged poor Oscar on more than one occasion; I had decided that my favorite Nugent was the most hateful villain living, and that I would leave nothing undone that the craft of a woman could compass to drive him out of the place—when I was forced back to present necessities by the sound of Zillah's voice calling to me from the house. I went to her directly. The nurse had a message for me from her young mistress. My poor Lucilla was lonely and anxious: she was surprised at my leaving her; she insisted on seeing me immediately.

I took my first precaution against a surprise from Nugent, as I crossed the threshold of the door.

"Our dear child must not be disturbed by visitors to-day," I said to Zillah. "If Mr. Nugent Dubourg comes here and asks for her, don't tell Lucilla; tell *me*."

This said, I went up stairs and joined my darling in the darkened room.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

LUCILLA TRIES HER SIGHT.

She was sitting alone in the dim light, with the bandage over her eyes, with her pretty hands crossed patiently on her lap. My heart swelled in me as I looked at her, and felt the horrid discovery that I had made still present in my mind. "Forgive me for leaving you," I said in as steady a voice as I could command at the moment, and kissed her.

She instantly discovered my agitation, carefully as I thought I had concealed it.

"You are frightened too!" she exclaimed, taking my hands in hers.

"Frightened, my love?" I repeated. (I was perfectly stupefied; I really did not know what to say!)

"Yes. Now the time is so near I feel my courage failing me. I forebode all sorts of horrible things. Oh, when will it be over? What will Oscar look like when I see him?"

I answered the first question. Who could answer the second?

"Herr Grosse comes to us by the morning train," I said. "It will soon be over."

"Where is Oscar?"

"On his way here, I have no doubt."

"Describe him to me once more," she said, eagerly. "For the last time before I see. His eyes, his hair, his complexion—every thing!"

How I should have got through the painful task which she had innocently imposed on me, if I had attempted to perform it, I hardly like to think. To my infinite relief, I was interrupted at my first word by the opening of the door, and the sudden appearance of a family deputation in the room.

First, strutting with slow and solemn steps, with one hand laid pathetically on the breast of his clerical waistcoat, appeared Reverend Finch. After him came his wife, shorn of all her proper accompaniments, except the baby. Without her novel, without her jacket, petticoat, or shawl, without even the handkerchief which she was always losing—clothed, for the first time in my experience, in a complete gown—the metamorphosis of damp Mrs. Finch was complete. But for the baby I believe I should have taken her, in the dim light, for a stranger! She stood (apparently doubtful of her reception) hesitating in the door-way, and so hiding a third member of the deputation, who appealed piteously to the general notice in a small voice which I knew well, and in a form of address familiar to me from past experience.

"Jicks wants to come in."

The rector took his hand from his waistcoat, and held it up in faint protest against the intrusion of the third member. Mrs. Finch moved mechanically into the room. Jicks appeared, hugging her disreputable doll, and showing signs of recent wandering in the white dust which dropped on the carpet from her frock and her shoes, as she advanced toward the place in which I was sitting. Arrived in front of me, she peered quaintly up at my face through the obscurity of the room, lifted her doll by the legs, hit me a smart rap with the head of it on my knee, and said,

"Jicks will sit here."

I rubbed my knee, and enthroned Jicks as ordered. At the same time Mr. Finch solemnly stalked up to his daughter, laid his hands on her head, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and said, in bass notes that rumbled with paternal emotion, "Bless you, my child!"

At the sound of her husband's magnificent voice Mrs. Finch became herself again. She said, meekly, "How d'ye do, Lucilla?" and sat down in a corner, and suckled the baby.

Mr. Finch set in for one of his harangues.

"My advice has been neglected, Lucilla. My paternal influence has been repudiated. My Moral Weight has been, so to speak, set aside. I don't complain. Understand me—I simply state sad facts." (Here he became aware of my existence.) "Good-morning, Madame Pratolungo; I hope I see you well?—There has been variance between us, Lucilla. I come, my child, with healing on my wings (healing being understood, for present purposes, as reconciliation)—I come and bring Mrs. Finch with me—don't speak, Mrs. Finch!—to offer my heartfelt wishes, my fervent prayers, on this the most eventful day in my daughter's life. No vulgar curiosity has turned my steps this way. No hint shall escape my lips touching any misgivings which I may still feel as to this purely worldly interference with the ways of an inscrutable Providence. I am here as parent and peace-maker. My wife accompanies me—don't speak, Mrs. Finch!—as step-parent and step-peace-maker. (You understand the distinction, Madame Pratolungo? Thank you. Good creature.) Shall I preach forgiveness of injuries from the pulpit, and not practice that forgiveness at home? Can I remain, on this momentous occasion, at variance with my child? Lucilla! I forgive you. With full heart and tearful eyes, I forgive you. (You have never had any children, I believe, Madame Pratolungo? Ah! you can not possibly understand this. Not your fault. Good creature, not your fault.) The kiss of peace, my child; the kiss of peace." He solemnly bent his bristly head, and deposited the kiss of peace on Lucilla's forehead. He sighed superbly, and, in a burst of magnanimity, held out his hand next to *me*. "My Hand, Madame Pratolungo. Compose yourself. Don't cry. God bless you!" Mrs. Finch, deeply affected by her husband's noble conduct, began to sob hysterically. The baby, disarranged in his proceedings by the emotions of his mamma, set up a sympathetic scream. Mr. Finch crossed the room to them, with domestic healing on his wings. "This does you credit, Mrs. Finch; but, under the circumstances, it must not be continued. Control yourself, in consideration of the infant. Mysterious mechanism of Nature!" cried the rector, raising his prodigious voice over the louder and louder screeching of the baby. "Marvelous and beautiful sympathy which makes the maternal sustenance the conducting medium, as it were, of disturbance between mother and child. What problems confront us, what forces environ us, even in this mortal life! Nature! Maternity! Inscrutable Providence!"

"Inscrutable Providence" was the rector's fatal phrase—it always brought with it an interruption; and it brought one now. Before Mr. Finch (brimful of pathetic apostrophes) could burst into more exclamations, the door opened, and Oscar walked into the room.

Lucilla instantly recognized his footsteps.

"Any signs, Oscar, of Herr Grosse?" she asked.

"Yes. His chaise has been seen on the road. He will be here directly."

Giving that answer and passing by my chair to place himself on the other side of Lucilla, Oscar cast at me one imploring look—a look which said plainly, "Don't desert me when the time comes!" I nodded my head to show that I understood him and felt for him. He sat down in the vacant chair by Lucilla, and took her hand in silence. It was hard to say which of the two felt the position, at that trying moment, most painfully. I don't think I ever saw any sight so simply and irresistibly touching as the sight of those two poor young creatures sitting hand in hand, waiting the event which was to make the happiness or the misery of their future lives.

"Have you seen any thing of your brother?" I asked, putting the question in as careless a tone as my devouring anxiety would allow me to assume.

"Nugent has gone to meet Herr Grosse."

Oscar's eyes once more encountered mine, as he replied in those terms; I saw again the imploring look more marked in them than ever. It was plain to him, as it was plain to me, that Nugent had gone to meet the German with the purpose of making Herr Grosse the innocent means of bringing him into the house.

Before I could speak again, Mr. Finch, recovering himself after the interruption which had silenced him, saw his opportunity of setting in for another harangue. Mrs. Finch had left off sobbing; the baby had left off screaming; the rest of us were silent and nervous. In a word, Mr. Finch's domestic congregation was entirely at Mr. Finch's mercy. He strutted up to Oscar's chair. Was he going to propose to read "Hamlet?" No! He was going to invoke a blessing on Oscar's head.

"On this interesting occasion," began the rector, in his pulpit tones; "now that we are all united in the same room, all animated by the same hope, I could wish, as pastor and parent (God bless you, Oscar: I look on you as a son. Mrs. Finch, follow my example, look on him as a son!)—I could wish, as pastor and parent, to say a few pious and consoling words—"

The door—the friendly, admirable, judicious door—stopped the coming sermon, in the nick of time, by opening again. Her Grosse's squat figure and owlish spectacles appeared on the threshold. And behind him (exactly as I had anticipated) stood Nugent Dubourg.

Lucilla turned deadly pale; she had heard the door open; she knew by instinct that the surgeon had come. Oscar got up, stole behind my chair, and whispered to me, "For God's sake, get Nugent out of the room!" I gave him a reassuring squeeze of the hand, and, putting Jicks down on the floor, rose to welcome our good Grosse.

The child, as it happened, was beforehand with me. She and the illustrious oculist had met in the garden at one of the German's professional visits to Lucilla, and had taken an amazing fancy to each other. Herr Grosse never afterward appeared at the rectory without some unwholesome eatable thing in his pocket for Jicks; who gave him in return as many kisses as he might ask for, and further distinguished him as the only living creature whom she permitted to nurse the disreputable doll. Grasping this same doll now with both hands, and using it head-foremost as a kind of battering-ram, Jicks plunged in front of me, and butted with all her might at the surgeon's bandy-legs; insisting on a monopoly of his attention before he presumed to speak to any other person in the room. While he was lifting her to a level with his face, and talking to her in his wonderful broken English—while the rector and Mrs. Finch were making the necessary apologies for the child's conduct—Nugent came round from behind Herr Grosse, and drew me mysteriously into a corner of the room. As I followed him I saw the silent torture of anxiety expressed in Oscar's face as he stood by Lucilla's chair. It did me good; it strung up my resolution to the right pitch; it made me feel myself a match, and more than a match, for Nugent Dubourg.

"I am afraid I behaved in a very odd manner when we met in the village," he said. "The fact is, I am not at all well. I have been in a strange feverish state lately. I don't think the air of this place suits me." There he stopped, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on mine, trying to read my mind in my face.

"I am not surprised to hear you say that," I answered. "I have noticed that you have not been looking well lately."

My tone and manner (otherwise perfectly composed) expressed polite sympathy, and nothing more. I saw I puzzled him. He tried again.

"I hope I didn't say or do any thing rude?" he went on.

"Oh no!"

"I was excited—painfully excited. You are too kind to admit it. I am sure I owe you my apologies?"

"No, indeed! You were certainly excited, as you say. But we are all in the same state to-day. The occasion, Mr. Nugent, is your sufficient apology."

Not the slightest sign in my face of any sort of suspicion of him rewarded the close and continued scrutiny with which he regarded me. I saw in his perplexed expression the certain assurance that I was beating him at his own weapons. He made a last effort to entrap me into revealing that I suspected his secret—he attempted, by irritating my quick temper, to take me by surprise.

"You are, no doubt, astonished at seeing me here," he resumed. "I have not forgotten that I promised to remain at Browndown instead of coming to the rectory. Don't be angry with me. I am under medical orders which forbid me to keep my promise."

"I don't understand you," I said, just as coolly as ever.

"I will explain myself," he rejoined. "You remember that we long since took Grosse into our confidence on the subject of Oscar's position toward Lucilla?"

"I am not likely to have forgotten it," I answered, "considering that it was I who first warned your brother that Herr Grosse might do terrible mischief by innocently letting out the truth."

"Do you recollect how he took the warning when we gave it to him?"

"Perfectly. He promised to be careful. But, at the same time, he gruffly forbade us to involve him in any more of our family troubles. He said he was determined to preserve his professional freedom of action, without being hampered by domestic difficulties which might concern *us*, but which did not concern *him*. Is my memory accurate enough to satisfy you?"

"Your memory is wonderful. You will now understand me when I tell you that Grosse asserts his professional freedom of action on this occasion. I had it from his own lips on our way here. He considers it very important that Lucilla should not be frightened at the moment when she tries her sight. Oscar's face is sure to startle her, if it is the first face she sees. Grosse has accordingly requested me to be present (as the only other young man in the room), and to place myself so that I shall be the first person who attracts her notice. Ask him yourself, Madame Pratolungo, if you don't believe me."

"Of course I believe you!" I answered. "It is useless to dispute the surgeon's orders at such a time as this."

With that I left him, showing just as much annoyance as an unsuspecting woman, in my position, might have naturally betrayed, and no more. Knowing, as I did, what was going on under the surface, I understood only too plainly what had happened. Nugent had caught at the opportunity which the surgeon had innocently offered to him as a means of misleading Lucilla at the moment, and (possibly) of taking some base advantage of her afterward. I trembled inwardly with rage and fear as I turned my back on him. Our one chance was to make sure of his absence, at the critical moment; and cudgel my brains as I might, how to reach that end successfully was more than I could see.

When I returned to the other persons in the room, Oscar and Lucilla were still occupying the same positions. Mr. Finch had presented himself (at full length) to Herr Grosse. And Jicks was established on a stool in a corner, devouring a rampant horse, carved in bilious-yellow German gingerbread, with a voracious relish wonderful and terrible to see.

"Ah, my goot Madame Pratolungo!" said Herr Grosse, stopping on his way to Lucilla to shake hands with me. "Have you made anodder lofely Mayonnaise? I have come on purpose with an empty-stomachs, and a wolf's-appetite in fine order. Look at that little Imps," he went on, pointing to Jicks. "Ach Gott! I believe I am in lofe with her. I have sent all the ways to Germany for gingerbreads for Jick. Aha, you Jick! does it stick in your tooths? Is it nice-clammy-sweet?" He glared benevolently at the child through his spectacles, and tucked my hand sentimentally into the breast of his waistcoat. "Promise me a child like adorable Jick," he said, solemnly, "I will marry the first wife you bring me—nice womans, nasty womans, I don't care which. Soh! there is my domestic sentiments laid bare before you. Enough of that. Now for my pretty-Feench! Come-begin-begin!"

He crossed the room to Lucilla, and called to Nugent to follow him.

"Open the shutters," he said. "Light-light-light, and plenty of him, for my lofely Feench!"

Nugent opened the shutters, beginning with the lower window, and ending with the window at which Lucilla was sitting. Acting on this plan, he had only to wait where he was, to place himself close by her—to be the first object she saw. He did it. The villain did it. I stepped forward, determined to interfere—and stopped, not knowing what to say or do. I could have beaten my own stupid brains out against the wall. There stood Nugent right before her, as the surgeon turned his patient toward the window. And not the ghost of an idea came to me!

The German stretched out his hairy hands, and took hold of the knot of the bandage to undo it.

Lucilla trembled from head to foot.

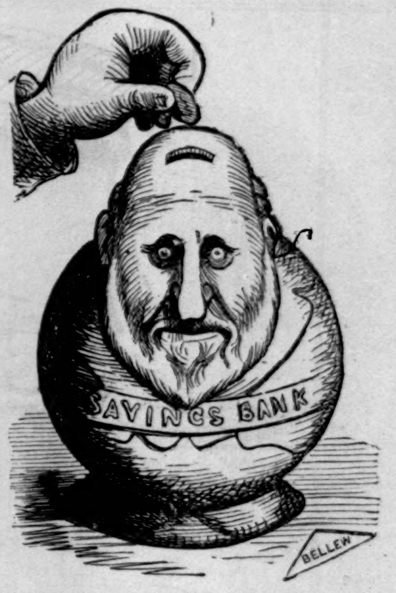
Herr Grosse hesitated—looked at her—let go of the bandage—and, lifting one of her hands, laid his fingers on her pulse.

In the moment of silence that followed I had one of my inspirations. The missing idea turned up in my brains at last.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE French wits have got hold of Gambetta. The latest joke about him is an allusion to his being every where defeated for the Conseils Généraux. It would make a very good conundrum: "Gambetta is only a drum," says one. "Why so?" asks the other. "Because he is beaten on every side."

A Harvard student defines flirtation to be "attention without intention."



NEW DESIGN FOR A MONEY-BOX, SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE USE OF WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

To seek the redress of grievances by going to law is like sheep running for shelter to a bramble-bush.

A rich man asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. "I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man," was the answer.

The Rev. Mr. Murray, spending an evening with a social party in Boston, was asked, together with some others, to drink something. "You drink, Mr. Murray?" "Oh yes; drink like a beast!" In the course of the evening, upon being asked to partake a second time, he declined. When reminded of what he had just said, he replied, "Yes; but a beast always stops when he gets enough."

A shrewd old lady compares her husband to a tallow-candle: he always sputters and smokes when he's put out.

A BLUNDER-BUS—Kissing the wrong girl!

A celebrated physician said to Lord Eldon's brother, Sir William Scott, rather more flippantly than became the gravity of his profession, "You know, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician." The baronet archly replied, in an insinuating voice, "Perhaps he may be both, doctor."

A grocer having a cask for sale had written on it, "For sail." A wag wrote underneath, "For freight or charter, apply at the bung-hole."

Baron Alderson, learned, gentle, and good, could make puns, and had much drollery. A juryman once said that he was deaf in one ear. "Well, then," said Alderson, "you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should *hear both sides*."

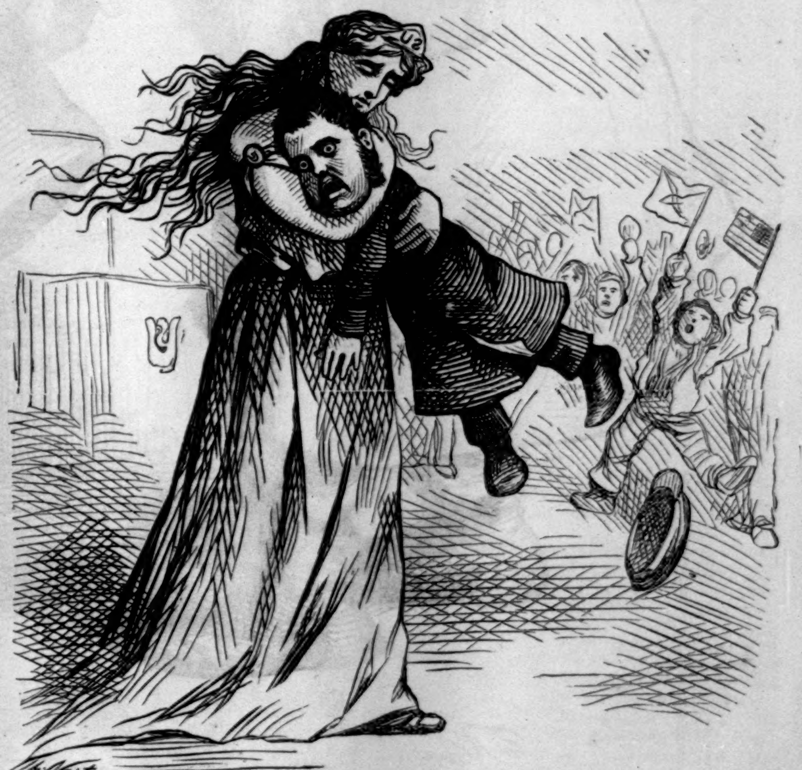
Stubbs said to one of his debtors, "Isn't it about time you paid me that little bill?" "My dear Sir," was the consoling reply, "it is not a question of time, it is a question of money."

ELECTION FRUIT—The candy-date.

Edward Timan was married to a woman in Connecticut last week, and thereafter absconded. An exchange says, "Timan tied waits for no woman."

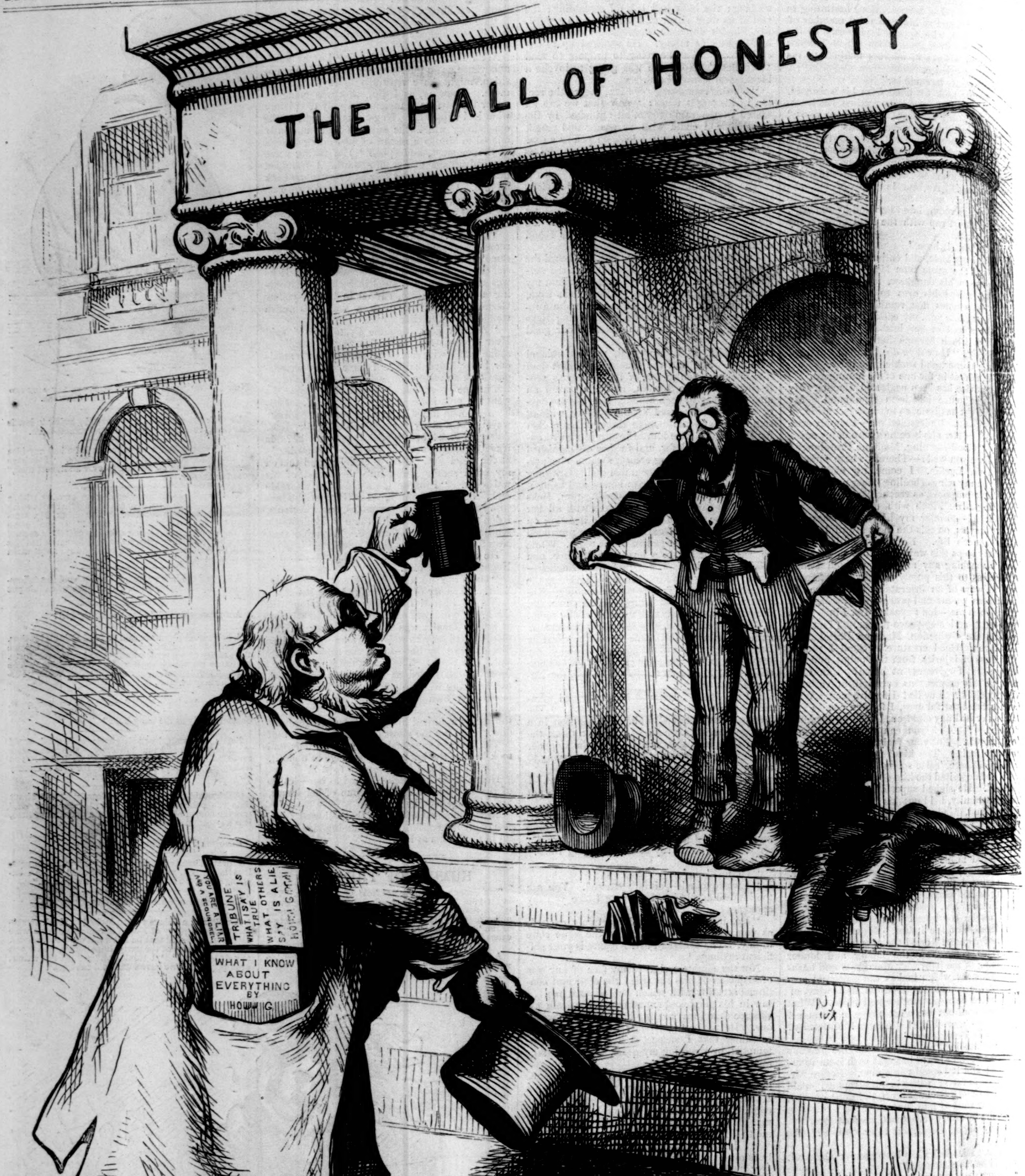
THE WORLD IN ARMS—The babies.

A waiter in a village tavern looked in blank amazement when a party of New Yorkers asked for a wine card, and protested that he knew not what they meant. "Well," said one of the party, impatiently, "have you any dry Sillery?" "I think not," replied the waiter, promptly, "but we have some cold cabbage."



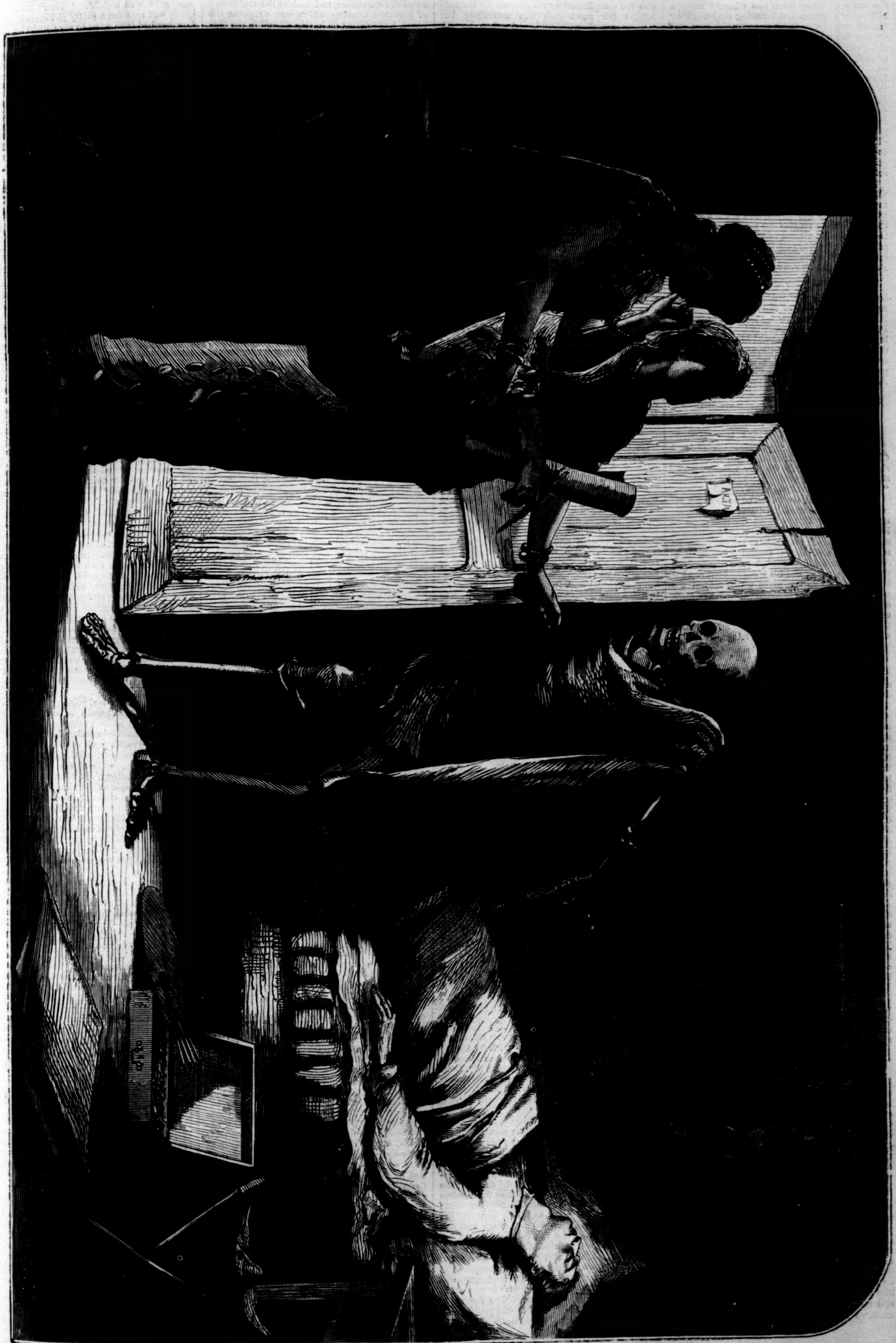
THE GRAND DUKE'S RECEPTION.

COLUMBIA, "My long-lost ALEXIS! I am so glad you have come!"


THE HALL OF HONESTY
YOU ARE A LIAR AND A SCOUNDREL.
TRIBUNE
WHAT I SAY IS TRUE — WHAT OTHERS SAY IS A LIE
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING BY
Th. Nast.

H. G. DIOGENES HAS FOUND THE HONEST MAN.

H. G. D. "Whoever says you ain't is 'a vulgar braggart and liar, chattering slander with as little sense of responsibility as a magpie.'"



TOO LATE.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 1154.]

TOO LATE.

THERE is a tragedy in this picture. It tells the story of many lives, and suggests many a saddening question and haunting doubt. Why should there be so many unsuccessful men and women—so many, in art and literature, to whom fame and fortune never come? History is full of such instances, and they are constantly about us. Almost every body knows some one who is struggling against adverse circumstances, who, in spite of fair talents and industry, never makes headway against the current. In some cases, no doubt, this is the fault of the individual, who may be lacking in practical knowledge and that common-sense which is necessary to the proper direction of talent. In others it is the fault of the public, who fail to discern what is great and good until their appreciation is too late to be of service.

M. **FRENZENY**'s pathetic composition shows the interior of an artist's studio. The surroundings show that he was poor and friendless; but who can guess the hopes that once were his, through what struggles he passed, what short though splendid gleams of victory gladdened his pathway, or by what dark clouds of disappointment it was overshadowed? And his death? Perhaps, like **CHATTERTON**,

> "The marvelous boy who perished in his pride,"

he grew impatient of neglect and poverty, and forced the gate-way of the other world just as Fortune, led by Fame, was knocking at his door. Perhaps want killed him, or toil. He may have loved in vain, because painted in vain, and some one more favored of fortune may have carried away the prize on which his heart was set. But, whatever his story, there he lies, and Fame and Fortune are nothing to him any more.

CINDERELLA SMITH.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"I DECLARE it's getting on night!" ejaculated Clementina Smith, in tones of vexation, as a long shadow fell athwart the buttery window, where she stood straining cranberry "jell" into moulds. "Well, we do beat all for short days."

Truly she might say so. The sun, as per almanac, did not, on this 24th day of November, set until 4.30 P.M. But here, on the east slope of Rattlesnake Mountain, where the old farm-house stood, he vanished, or seemed to vanish, about the middle of the afternoon, sucked down by irresistible attraction into the bosom of the western valley. No sooner did his flaming head dip below the crest of dark pines which topped the range than dense purple shadows began to stretch eastward over the country above which the mountain towered, carrying premature night on their wings. Confusion ensued for all such lazy souls as, in the spirit of the old adage,

> "worked their best
> When the sun is in the west."

But the Smiths were none of these. If Nature and the Rattlesnake did them despite at close of day, biting off the twenty-four hours and curtailing all afternoon operations, morning, on the contrary, came a bright, punctual visitor, flooding the rear-guard of the "wee sma' hours" with light and activity. By four in summer, by five in winter, open shutters, smoking chimneys, lowing cattle, sounds of household cheer, betokened the red farm-house awake and stirring. The long purple shadow, which swooped like eagle from eyrie, and clutched the homestead in daily embrace, always found the day's work put aside; fire glints from the ample chimney-place, dancing on Mrs. Smith's rapidly moving knitting-pins, on Clementina's stocking-block and cotton, Britomarte's glancing thimble, as she creased her long seam, and the bright hair of little Cinda, youngest and fairest, who sat with idle hands beside the blaze, and did nothing: "Lucinda Amarantha" baptismally, gentle reader. The Smiths all gloried in fine names, culled from the *Ledger* and *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, but Lucinda's was shortened, as oppressive for daily use. "Cinnie," and "Darter," the old farmer called her; "Cinda," her mother and the girls. To me she was known as "Cinderella," from her soft, lazy prettiness, and certain petted chimney-corner ways she had; somewhat, too, from the fact that her stirring elder sisters, regarding less her good looks than the extreme disinclination for household work which characterized her, were somewhat inclined to look down upon and despise her. And certainly it *would* have been difficult to find a more useless person, practically speaking, than this little Cinderella.

Clem made beds. She swept and dusted and scoured in a way which would have caused the fairy Guigon's eyes to shine with pleasure. Her bread and biscuit were celebrated in all the region; nobody had such a knack at butter; nobody such a "hand" for smooth and flaky piecrust. Not one of all the seven-and-twenty kinds of cake which figured alphabetically in her recipe-book—"almond," "bun," "cup," "cottage," "citron," "currant," etc., etc.—but came from the oven, at her spiriting, light, flavorous, perfect, and curved in the middle to that shapely round which is the joy of the cake-maker's heart. Preserves with her never "fomented;" her jelly never refused to form; sausage and head-cheese beneath her touch rose to the dignity of fine art; pork and beans awoke enthusiasm; absolute poetry lay couched in apple turn-overs. Over all the departments of the kitchen she reigned supreme, with sway undisputed and unquestioned by her appreciative subjects.

But if Clementina ruled the roast, Britomarte, on the other hand, was queen of the work-basket. She possessed that talent for making, mending, and remodeling clothes which in some women amounts to absolute genius. Her powers of adaptation seemed unlimited. In the language of the district, she could "make a sheet out of a pocket-handkerchief any day." No pattern was too complicated or too difficult for her imitation; her patch-work was unrivaled; her "white seam" wonderful. Arachne herself might have been proud of the web-like tracery, crossed and recrossed, which, uniting disrupted heels and toes, made ancient hosen look as well as new. She spun, she wove, diligent as Penelope, unremitting as Lucrece—the wise woman in Proverbs was not more praiseworthy or more industrious than she.

But Lucinda! No mortal thing did she or could she do—except look pretty, curl her hair, cuddle, coax, bask in sun and fire warmth like a drowsy kitten, pur like one, and occasionally inflict a minute scratch on whoso teased or withheld her. These few accomplishments, it must be confessed, she practiced to perfection. Much peering into oven doors had roughened Clementina's complexion, and tinged the tip of her nose with a permanent and unbecoming red; while poor Britomarte's years of sewing had rounded her spine, and sharpened and sallowed her naturally good features. But useless little Cinderella's skin was satin-soft, and tinted like a peach. No needle-pricks disfigured her small forefinger; no lines of worry puckered her brow. Plump, fair, rosy, she lived in the midst of the busy hive of home, consuming the honey of others, and bringing none into the store. Her father and mother scolded and indulged, and both indulgence and blame were borne with like serene indifference. She was equally aware and unconcerned of the opinions entertained of her demerits by those two busy Marthas who called her sister. Not that Clem or Brit envied her beauty or dreaded her as a rival. Oh dear, no! not at all. They simply ignored and scorned her. "A man hadn't need to have *more* than common-sense to see what a useless piece Cinda is," they remarked to each other, in moments of confidence. By which it will be perceived, first, that man, matrimonially considered, was still a topic of interest in the virgin communings of the elder sisters; and secondly, that their knowledge of the sex and its common-sense was, to say the least, rather Utopian than real.

On the special evening of which we treat an unusual bustle pervaded the peaceful precincts of the red farm-house. The hovering purple shadow brought consternation to others besides Clementina and her cranberries. The kitchen wore its morning rather than evening aspect. There was confusion, disarray. Mrs. Smith, at one table, was busily washing dishes. Brit, at another, was scouring candlesticks. Phil Haggerty, the hired man, passing through on regular patrol from "keeping-room" to wood-pile, was depositing armfuls of clean-split hickory beside the company fire; while Aunt Viny Jones, hired for the day, mopped away at the sink-room floor. All were astir except the farmer, settled back to rest in his wooden arm-chair, and Cinderella cuddled beside him, the sole unoccupied members of the busy group.

The clock struck four, and punctual Clem, bouncing in from the buttery, flung wide the oven door, and revealed within its generous glow long rows of good things and an ineffable smell.

"Now, ma, move, will you?" she cried, waspishly, "unless you want to get burned with these hot dishes!"

Out and in plunged the active shovel, and soon the pantry blossomed like the rose with steaming dainties—pies of every shade and flavor, from golden squash to translucent apple, cakes redolent of plums and sugar, fragrant spice-bread, tartlets whose foamy circlets a breath would seem enough to dissipate, crusty and delicate loaves of brown and white, chicken-pasties breathing odors of mingled Araby and dyspepsia. Clem stood before her work, flushed and erect, a smile of triumph on her face. Then she called out, "Come and see!"

There was a simultaneous clatter to the pantry. "Seems to me," said the farmer, who had not stirred from his chair, "the girls is making a great fuss this year over Thanksgiving, ain't they? What's the reason of it, Darter?"

"Darter" was the father's pet name for useless Cinda. She answered, demurely, with just a little flicker of a smile, "The parson is coming to dinner, you know, pa."

"Whew!" whistled her father. "So that's how it goes, is it? Why, when did Miss Lowther die? Let me see—'tain't quite a twelvemonth yet, I declare! Well! well! I call that crowding of a man, I do."

Cinda laughed again. She had her own thoughts about the matter, but it was not in her way to give them words. "Crowding" though it was, she entertained her private ambition to take a hand in the game of inveigling Mr. Lowther over the brink of a second matrimony. Why not? she said to herself. Clem and Brit were evidently after him, and it would be fun, at least, to see what she could do.

Little did Clem or Brit imagine this budding rivalry in the breast of the little one. To each this forthcoming festival was at once a festival and a tournament. The pastor had now been for eleven months and more that lone, lorn thing which all womankind feels bound to console. "A widower ain't no good," declared the village gossips, "and it's quite time the dominie should be looking about him." Nothing could be truer, thought Clem and Brit each in her secret heart; and each donned armor and polished her weapons for the conflict. Clem had always felt herself capable of undertaking a widower, especially one with children. Her lance, aimed straight at what she was accustomed to think the vulnerable spot in mortal man, was that triumphant chicken-pie, which now stood on the pantry shelf before her. The heart that could resist that, she thought, was proof; and, indeed, it was inimitably perfect. One thing only disturbed her felicity. Britomarte, whose yearnings after a "clergyman" had always been strong, had deemed it best to come doubly armed to the encounter, and besides the table-cloth of her own weaving, which was to grace the board, had insisted on having a hand in the dinner. She had made the apple-tarts. It was an unprecedented interference, for which Clem consoled herself by hoping they might turn out heavy. But no; tarts more perfect had never appeared on table. And there they stood, Mordecais at the gate of that lordly pie. It was certainly a mean invasion of her peculiar province, and Clem felt some sinkings of heart as she contemplated their iniquitous charms.

Only lazy Cinda made no preparation for the important to-morrow, but sat and purred in her chimney-corner, and went to bed earlier than usual.

But if she made none, Nature worked in her behalf, sending sleep, which deepened the blue of her eyes to gentian tint, glossed the sunny curls, and added to the fair cheeks just that tint of shell pink which was necessary to enhance their fairness. In all her life the girl never looked so pretty as on that morning. The old farmer noticed it; and as she stood before the tiny square of looking-glass which hung behind the kitchen door, tying her bonnet strings, he said to his wife, *sotto voce*,

"I declare! If she ain't as pretty as a pink!"

"S-s-h!" replied the dame, with a reproving glance. "Don't be setting the child up with such nonsense." But the mother noted, and was pleased, for all that.

I am inclined to fear that the excellent and prolonged discourse with which Mr. Lowther favored his congregation that day was rather lost on the inmates of the red house. Long before "thirdly" was reached Farmer Smith had nodded himself off to that blissful world where sermons are unknown. Mrs. Smith, less drowsy, but hardly less unconscious, was deep in a train of vagrant meditations, among which certain bundles of catnip, which threatened mustiness, and a son George, who died sixteen years before, were oddly mixed and jumbled. Britomarte, very smart, indeed, in a new pelisse shaped by her own clever fingers after the last fashionable model, was trimming an imaginary blue merino, which, if certain things should come to pass (and why should they not while life and hope lasted?), would be just the thing to "run round the parish" in—nice, but not too nice, exactly adapted to the situation and the circumstances. She tucked and pleated, hooked and buttoned, with infinite satisfaction; then rousing suddenly, with a horrified jump, became aware that she was smiling blandly in the very face of the dominie. But he, good man, proceeded tranquilly from seventhly to eighthly, unconscious of Britomarte's start, of Mrs. Smith's wandering thoughts, of Clem's absence (Clem had staid at home to "see to things"), of his deacon's slumbers—even of little Cinda, distractingly pretty as she chanced to look at that moment.

All human things come to an end in time, and so did that sermon. As the last quaver of the closing hymn died away, each housewife seemed to become aware of her own particular turkey, and there was a general squeeze toward the door. Many "How do you, neighbors?" were exchanged, but for all the hearty tones, promptitude was evidently the order of the day. In five minutes the congregation was scattered, going off by twos and threes over the frozen roads. From every farm-house, far and near, rose brisk curls of smoke, significant of forthcoming cheer. From each open door came a sizzle and fizzle of savory promise. Dinner-time was at hand—coming, but not yet come—and it behooved all men to make ready.

Clem was in her glory. As her father said, she *was* "some" on dinners. A splendid fire crackled in the best room. In the other stood the table, spread with snowy cloth, and ornamented in the middle with a resplendent "trifle," wonderfully compounded of custard, jam, and white of egg purpled with jelly. On either side rose moulds of red and amber blanc-mange. Each plate was flanked with a squadron of saucers containing, respectively, tomato, pickles, cranberry, apple-sauce, cold-slaw, and chicken-salad, while in their midst, convoy to these smaller craft, stood a plate, on which a mystic and many-segmented circle exhibited specimens of seven different species of pie. Every available inch of space on table was filled with nuts, apples, raisins, custards, doughnuts, and other toothsome wares, and a general savor of plenty and hospitality filled the air.

At last the hour came—the hour and the man! Mr. Lowther's thin, wistful face relaxed as he passed into the cheerful warmth of the "keeping-room."

"Well, this is comfortable, indeed, brother," he repeated more than once, rubbing his hands cheerfully. How Clem exulted!

There is embarrassment sometimes in our "granted prayers." Now that the worthy sisters had their prize actually secured and on their hands, a certain difficulty of entertaining him made itself felt. Some uneasy consciousness of their secret plans oppressed them. Clem bustled in and out to make it evident that *she* was the presiding genius of the feast; and Brit called after her, ostentatiously, "The snow-drop table-cloth, you know, Clem!" for which bit of display she was rewarded by a Parthian scowl from Clem, and total silence on the part of Mr. Lowther. She folded her unaccustomed hands on an idle lap, and couldn't think of any thing to say. Mr. Lowther wasn't a man given to conversation, and for some time a spell of stiffness seemed to rest over the room.

It was broken by the appearance of Cinda, who, ever since church, had been adorning herself up stairs. She came in attired in her best dress, a blue bow tucked cunningly into her pretty hair, a knot of scarlet leaves in her collar, and looking, as the astonished Brit thought to herself, "grown up." The dominie had always regarded her as a child. "That little chit of a Cindy will turn out a pretty girl some day," Mr. Lowther had been wont to say; and here the little chit was, tall, womanly, giving him a soft hand to shake, and looking into his with a pair of eyes which, through all his theological abstractions, he perceived to be exceedingly blue and sweet. The worthy man absolutely blushed as he rose from his chair, and a sudden tingle took possession of his veins. He was glad that just then Clem put her head into the door and announced,

"Dinner's ready!"

"Draw up and set to," said the hospitable farmer.

> "'Twere vain to tell what steeds gave o'er"

as the dinner proceeded, from its first cut of plump turkey to the last languid morsel of pastry.

"Clem's a real first-rate hand at pies, ain't she?" said her father, helping on the plans of his eldest; but before Mr. Lowther could utter his assent, there was that aggravating Brit, exclaiming,

"Now, pa, you mustn't give Clem all the praise, for I made the tarts. Do try one, Mr. Lowther, just to please me." And the dominie, nothing loath, transferred one of the tempting circles to his plate, and pronounced it capital.

"And what part of the dinner is your doing, Miss Cindy?" he asked.

"Oh, no part," responded Cinderella, sweetly, quite mindful of a sudden toss of Clem's head. "I don't know much about cooking, Mr. Lowther. I'm the youngest, you know, and just good for nothing but to cuddle down close by pa in the evenings, and fetch his slippers, and thread ma's needles for her while she sits and sews. I'm afraid I ain't much use; but then, you see, I'm the only baby they've got;" and she drooped her long eyelashes sadly.

"Now he sees just what a senseless little piece she is," thought Brit. But not at all. Mr. Lowther somehow found the eyelashes and the petted, pleading voice quite charming, and was saying within himself, "What a lovely little thing! and yet so womanly."

And so it went on. Coquettes, like poets, are things born, not made; and no flirt of a dozen seasons could have proceeded more artistically to the bewitchment of a victim than this inexperienced little Cinda. She seemed to know by instinct the use of each branch of female artillery, and used, in turn, all and each against her quarry. Smile, pout, attitude, voice—nothing was spared, nothing misapplied. By the evening's end the dazzled dominie was fairly in the toils, and went home to his lonely parsonage as foolishly in love as a boy of sixteen.

A radiance of gossip rested over the parish for the ensuing six weeks. The dominie—so rumor ran—was "sitting up with one of the Smith girls," which one, even the best informed old lady in the village dared not venture to say. Party feeling ran high.

"Clem's an active, stirring sort of body," said some; "the parson 'll be lucky if he gets her."

"But," clamored another faction, in antistrophe, "there ain't such a clever sewer in the State as Britomarte. Miss Lowther that was couldn't hold a candle to her. The dominie 'll never lack a button if she takes him in hand."

Nobody thought of mentioning Cinda!

At last one eventful Sunday arrived, upon which popular report, and the absence of Mr. Lowther from his usual place, betokened something unusual about to happen. The eyes of the audience fairly snapped with excitement when, in place of giving out the second hymn, the minister *pro tem.* arose slowly—a paper in his hand:

"Ahem! In accordance with the laws of the State, the following publishment is made: 'I publish the bans of marriage between the Rev. Jehiel Lowther and'" (a pin could have been heard to drop) "'and—Lucinda Amarantha Smith. If any man know just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace.'"

Hold his peace, indeed! The whole meeting-house was in a rustle. Even that sedate New England congregation could not repress all signs of excitement. Girls whispered, elderly bonnets leaned toward each other. All eyes were bent on the Smith pew, where Clem and Brit sat, grim and rigid, between their parents. The pause of wonderment was broken by the reading of the hymn,

> "Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand."

"That's so," remarked Jack Styles, the joker of the village, to his next neighbor; and a faint giggle was audible in the choir.

"What on earth does it mean?" asked Mehetabel Throop, in a whisper, as Clem paced out of church at the close of the service.

"Mean? Nothing, except that men are natural born fools," replied that indignant spinster.

We fear the Rev. Jehiel's after-fate in some degree verified this sweeping assertion. Certain it is that Cinderellas are better suited to princes than poor men; and the poor dominie would fare badly sometimes were it not for his active sisters-in-law, who, lacking spheres of their own, condescend occasionally to supervise Cinda's. And the poor child is only too glad to slip out of her little drudgeries whenever they give her a chance. Whether she sometimes repents the rash triumph of that Thanksgiving night, or the dominie at furtive moments his bargain, we must leave to the imagination of our married readers. We tell the tale. The moral is out of our line.

THE BUTCHER'S WEDDING.

In the humorous page illustration on page 1148 our artist shows a very old English custom which has come down to our own day. When a butcher is married, the men who work with him, joined by others of the same craft, form a procession and march through the street on which he lives, making a rude sort of chime by knocking bones against their cleavers and axes. They are, of course, followed by all the idlers of the neighborhood, and the noise and license sometimes become intolerable. The frolic generally ends in a grand spree, the victim of the uncouth serenade paying for all the beer that is drunk in honor of his wedding.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the evening of November 18 Professor Harkness, of the Washington Observatory, in connection with Professor Hall, succeeded in observing the spectrum of Encke's comet. This was found to consist of two bright bands in the green, each of which was most intense in the middle of its breadth, and faded off toward each edge. Very satisfactory measures were obtained of the broadest and brightest of these bands, and they give for the wave lengths of the light at its two edges respectively about 504 and 498 millionths of a millimeter. They were not able to measure the position of the fainter band, but estimate its wave length as 511-millionths of a millimeter. With the optical power at their command they could not discover any trace of a continuous spectrum, and, as a careful examination of the comet with the equatorial failed to show any signs of a nucleus, it was perhaps safely inferred by them that the comet consists of a cloud of glowing gas. The case is somewhat different with Tuttle's comet, likewise under examination by them, in which a nucleus is distinctly appreciable.

The Anthropological Society of London invites assistance from ethnologists in securing photographic pictures of all the different tribes of men now inhabiting the globe. The plan proposed for these pictures is to have them on a black background of a definite size, and divided by distinctly visible lines into spaces of six inches square, in such a manner that all the pictures shall exhibit the dimensions of the individuals photographed, and be directly comparable. Portraits are to be taken of the subjects standing, and immediately before the black background. If the negatives are sent to the society in England, they will cause them to be printed by the carbon process, or upon collodion films, to be fixed between glass plates with Canada balsam.

A Norwegian company offers for sale a fish guano from the Loffoden Islands, prepared from the heads and backbones of the cod-fish, collected during the great winter fisheries off the Norwegian coast, principally by children and old and infirm persons who have no other means of subsistence. Formerly this matter was thrown into the sea as refuse, and materially affected the permanence and efficiency of the fisheries; but it is now carefully collected and hung in bundles on the rocks to dry. In June and July it is brought to the mills, where it is cut into pieces, dried artificially, and then ground between millstones. This article, prepared quite differently from the fish guano of the United States, is put up in bags, and finds a constant demand at about $45 a ton. It contains a great variety of ingredients fitting it for an excellent manure. The same company furnish what they call fish flour, which is made from the best dried cod-fish, by grinding them up, bones, skin, and all, to the fineness of sawdust or flour, in which form it is largely used in Scandinavia for various kinds of cookery. It is sometimes mixed with potatoes or other substances, and sometimes formed into cakes or biscuit. The fish is more readily packed and transported in this form than any other, and it is said to keep a long time without deterioration. We would commend this last-mentioned preparation to the attention of our people, as furnishing a hint toward a new article of trade in this country, and one that could be conveniently employed in cookery in a great variety of ways.

The Gulf of Naples has long been a favorite field of exploration for marine zoologists, on account of the great variety of animal life to be found in its waters, but much inconvenience has usually been experienced by foreign naturalists for want of the facilities necessary for prosecuting their researches. To obviate this, Dr. Anton Döhrn, of Stettin, an eminent conchologist, has lately obtained permission from the authorities of the city of Naples to erect in the Villa Reale, close to the sea, at his own expense, a large building to contain a great aquarium for the public, and extensive and convenient apartments for the use of naturalists of every country; the whole to remain his absolute property for thirty years, and as long after that as he may live. Dr. Döhrn proposes to establish himself in the building, with several other German naturalists, and to conduct the administration of the entire establishment. He will there, at all times, be happy to welcome his scientific confrères, and to see that every facility for research is offered them. Some income will doubtless be derived from fees for admission of the general public to the aquaria, and all deficiencies will be made up by Dr. Döhrn, who is understood to be that *rara avis*, a naturalist of means.

An annual report of receipts and expenditures, as well as of the discoveries made in the establishment, is to be made to an international committee, of whom are already named Helmholtz, Dubois-Reymond, Huxley, Darwin, Haeckel, Leuckart, Von Beneden, etc. He has also invited Professor Agassiz to accept the representation in the committee for the United States, and thereby add the weight of his powerful name. Work on the building will begin forthwith under Dr. Döhrn's direction; his address at Naples being to the care of Friedrich Stolte, Consul-General of Germany, Piazza Medina.

In the Northern United States the richest marine fauna is to be found in the vicinity of Eastport, Maine, the adjacent region of the Bay of Fundy having become classic ground through the labors of Stimpson, Verrill, Packard, Morse, Webster, Hyatt, etc. It is whispered that Mr. J. E. Gavit, of New York, president of the American Bank-note Company, and at the same time an eminent microscopist, has it in contemplation with some friends to erect a building at Eastport, to be suitably endowed and maintained for the use of any naturalists who may wish to avail themselves of the facilities it may afford. We can only hope that so excellent an idea may be realized at an early day.

Arrangements are now making for an international exhibition at Vienna in 1873, one great feature of which will be the classification of the products of all countries in groups corresponding to their geographical positions. It is also expected that selections from the various museums of London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Lyons, Munich, etc., will be exhibited and compared, while it is also intended to represent a history of prices, a history of industry, and a history of natural productions, so that the world's progress in art, science, industry, and natural products will thus be brought in contrast. During the exhibition international congresses will be held for the discussion of important questions, to which either the exhibition itself may give rise, or for which it may furnish materials for illustration.

A committee of the Iron and Steel Institute of England, consisting of Mr. G. J. Snelus, Mr. Jones, and Mr. J. Lester, has been appointed to proceed to the United States to examine into and report upon Dank's rotary puddling furnace, which, it is claimed, is a very efficient arrangement for lessening the severe labor of the iron puddler, and producing good iron.

With a commendable promptness the first volume of the annual report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1870 has made its appearance, and inaugurates the new order in regard to this document. Instead of publishing the specifications of the patents, with wood-cut illustrations, the present volume embodies, first, an alphabetical list of patentees during the year; second, an alphabetical list of the patents extended during the year; next, an alphabetical list of inventions and of reissues. It will be remembered that, at the present time, the patents are printed in detail, accompanied by photo-lithographic drawings of working size, 150 copies being published, some of them to be distributed, and sets placed for free public inspection in the various State and Territorial capitals, and in the clerks' offices of the District Court of the various judicial districts throughout the United States. The issue of additional copies is also authorized in proportion to the demand, to be sold at a price not exceeding the contract price for such drawings.

The acting commissioner is not entirely satisfied with the wisdom of the change, and thinks that the old plan might have been improved so as to be of great utility, and the publication of the patents and their illustrations on a large scale still kept up. Various recommendations are made bearing upon this subject, with which our readers will not generally feel specially interested. The total number of patents issued during the year 1870 amounted to 13,321, of which considerably the largest number were made out to citizens of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Connecticut, Indiana, and Michigan, in the order mentioned.

It has been remarked by travelers in Holland that the river and sea fish in that country are of remarkable excellence of taste, and, apparently, possess much firmer flesh than those of other regions. This, however, results simply from the fact that the fish are always killed at the moment they are taken from the water, while in most other countries they are allowed to die slowly; and with the great tenacity of life possessed by these animals, many hours, and even several days in some cases, elapse before actual death ensues. This calls to mind the anomaly which prevails between our treatment of fish and other animals. The attempt to offer for sale birds or beasts that have died by what might be called a natural death, or that have been killed by drowning, would very soon be met by the action of the police authorities. But what corresponds to precisely the same treatment in fishes is allowed to pass as a matter of course. A slight consideration of the circumstances will soon convince us of the impropriety of this practice, and that the quicker we are in causing the death of fish, as well as other animals, the better for us. There is also some choice in the method of killing; this, in most cases, being by a violent blow on the head, or against the side of a boat, or by means of a stick. The practice in Holland, however, is to sever the spinal marrow and the arteries of the neck, just back of the head, by which means death ensues immediately, and the blood is allowed to escape from the body.

The difference in the taste of fish killed and of those allowed to die is most marked in species of vigorous habits and containing much blood, such as, for instance, our own blue-fish (*Temnodon saltator*). Many persons have been struck by the excellence of this fish, as served up at Nantucket or Edgarton, finding them so much superior to those which they have eaten in other localities. The practice of the fishermen in these waters is to cut the throat of the fish between the gills immediately after capturing them, thus allowing the blood to escape freely and in large quantity. Experience has shown that fish killed in this way, and bled, will retain their firmness and freshness very much longer than those allowed to die in the ordinary manner.

Number four of the finely illustrated series of catalogues of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, under direction of Professor Agassiz, has just appeared, and embraces a memoir on the deep-sea corals of the middle Atlantic Ocean by Count Pourtalès, assistant of the United States Coast Survey. This gentleman has been engaged for a number of years in the prosecution of the investigation of the deep-sea fauna of the eastern coast of the United States, in behalf of the Coast Survey, and has made some very important discoveries in regard both to the fauna and to the physical geography of the Florida and West Indian seas. Of the richness of the deep-sea fauna in corals, and of the extent of Count Pourtalès's discoveries, some idea may be gathered from the fact that forty-nine species were obtained, of which all but eleven were first described by the author from his collections.

It is a little singular that there should be precisely the same number of living shallow-water corals found in the West Indies and on the coast of Florida. Most of these, however, have been known to naturalists for a number of years.

Among recent deaths in scientific circles may be mentioned that of Professor Schweigger-Seidel, of Leipsic, well known for his researches upon questions of histology, especially those connected with nerve-endings in the salivary glands, the lymphatic system, and the cornea. Also that of Dr. Schloenbach, Professor of Geology of the Polytechnic Institute of Prague. The latter gentleman fell a victim to his zeal for science while making some geological explorations in the province of Servia, in the interest of the Geological Institute of Vienna.

We have already referred to the annual meetings of the British and American Associations for the Advancement of Science, and now have to chronicle that of the German Naturalists and Physicists at its forty-fourth annual reunion in Rostock. Although we have received no detailed report of the sessions, we learn that the meeting was not so numerously attended as usual, in consequence of the detention of members at home from various causes.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The emancipation ukase, which gave conditional freedom to the serfs of Russia, was issued more than ten years ago—in February, 1861. There were at that time 103,158 land-owners in European Russia, who employed 9,797,163 serfs on their estates, in addition to 900,971 household servants, who also formed a part of their property. The total number of serfs was upward of 22,000,000, many of the more intelligent of these being otherwise employed for the benefit of their masters, as artisans, merchants, etc. The land in the possession of these land-owners amounted to about 60,000,000 acres, nearly one-third of which was occupied by the cottages of the serfs. Under the emancipation decree, the land thus occupied by the serfs was to become their property after the payment, by installments, of a certain amount of compensation; and now, ten years after the issue of the decree, 6,474,613 peasants have become proprietors of more than one-fifth of the whole 60,000,000 acres. It is estimated that another period of ten years will elapse before the process of emancipation is completed. The general prosperity of the country has not suffered, but, on the contrary, been greatly increased, by this emancipation of the peasants. The popular idea that it has ruined the nobles, is quite unfounded. They still possess the greater portion of the land. Liberty is working out its natural results among the Russian peasants, who show themselves in many cases intelligent and exceedingly capable; and they regard their emperor, who has made them citizens and freemen, with child-like love and reverence. And with this freedom of her people Russia has acquired an internal strength unknown to her before.

Mr. Paul B. du Chaillu, who has recently returned from another foreign tour, says that the peasants of Sweden are well acquainted with the fact that some twenty millions of dollars have been stolen from the citizens of New York—and they are of opinion that no one will be sent to prison for it. Remarks of this kind were frequently heard by Mr. Du Chaillu while abroad. Such is the reputation America has gained.

Soon after the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis in New York he dispatched the following message to his father by the cable:

Empereur de la Russie, St. Pétersbourg:

Entrée et reception cordiale, magnifique. Parade de la milice. Tout la ville en fête. Alexis.

TRANSLATION.

Emperor of Russia, St. Petersburg:

Entry, cordial and magnificent reception. Parade of the militia. General holiday in the city.

Alexis.

The same dispatch was sent to the Empress of Russia, who is on a visit in the Crimea.

The future Chicago will be a city of bricks. Brick seems to be the only building material that comes out uninjured from a fiery furnace.

Fifteen additional dismissals have been recommended by the committee investigating the hazing practices at the Annapolis Naval Academy. A sample of the "harmless pleasantries" practiced was compelling one of the cadets to drink a mug of mixture composed of castor-oil, ink, mucilage, tooth-powder, and quinine. Another cadet was held out of a window in the fifth story until he was nearly dead. It is surely time for law to do away with such deeds.

"Hannah," a serial which has long held the interest of the readers of the *Bazar*, is now finished, and has been published in book form. The works of the well-known authoress, Mrs. Mulock-Craik, need no commendation—all are entertaining and finely written. "Hannah" does not fall below her previous writings in all those qualities which make up a thoroughly good novel. Evidently Mrs. Craik expected, in commencing her story, that the obnoxious law, peculiar to England, making marriage with a deceased wife's sister illegal, would be repealed before she drew the final scenes in her tale. This not having been the case, however, she disposes of her hero and heroine in a very natural manner, and quite in harmony with the feelings of the reader.

The celebrated laughing-gas has a rival in the Arabian laughing-plant. This is a shrub varying from six inches in height to three or four feet. It bears yellow flowers, and within the fruit are imbedded two or three black seeds. These seeds, when powdered and administered judiciously, produce effects similar to the laughing-gas. After an hour of intense excitement, the patient falls asleep, and upon awakening is totally unconscious of any thing that occurred while he was under the influence of the drug. An overdose is very dangerous.

A very disagreeable prophecy is that mentioned in an Indian paper as having been uttered by a famous astronomer of Rampore. He predicts that in the coming year a blaze of light, resembling a shooting-star, the like of which no mortal has yet seen, will be visible in the sky. It will dazzle the eyes of the people of particular places, and after remaining for twenty-four minutes, will vanish. The direction in which it will make its appearance will be the north pole, and accordingly the people of northern countries will see it distinctly. The effect of this meteor will be that the extent of the globe over which its light will fall will be visited by famine during the year, and a large number of the people will be destroyed, while vegetation will also be scanty. Unfortunately for the inhabitants of northern countries, the deductions of this astronomer are said to have been generally correct.

The leaves, which frost, rain, and wind have scattered bountifully over the woodland, may be made to do excellent service on the farm. They have good fertilizing qualities, and decay easily. Elm and oak leaves contain a large proportion of potash.

It is worth while for every body, especially for those who may not have a full supply of blankets for the coming winter, to know the value of newspapers for coverings. On a cold night, if two or three newspapers be spread upon the bed beneath the outside covering, the occupant of the bed will perceive a marked increase of warmth without any perceptible increase in the weight of bedding. So, also, if a spread newspaper be placed over the chest before the overcoat be buttoned up, it will be found a great protection against penetrating wind and cold.

The author of "The Daughter of Heth" is about to write a new serial story, which will embrace a series of adventures supposed to have taken place in a ride from London to Edinburgh. This journey was actually undertaken by Mr. Black in the autumn. He drove a small phaeton all the way from the British to the Scottish metropolis, putting up at way-side inns, and seeing as much as possible of the towns through which he passed and of the surrounding country.

The Amherst Agricultural College has been presented with sixty-seven new plants, mostly tropical, from the government botanical garden at Washington.

"Tamrour" is the name of a favorite Arabian pony belonging to the Prince Imperial. He is the smallest pony ever seen of that race. The animal is of a delicate cream-color, with long tail and flowing mane, the gift of an Arab sheik who revolted against French authority in Algeria, and was pardoned in the year 1868. He was bought at the late sale of the imperial stud by the Princess Mathilde, and immediately dispatched to Chiselhurst. The voyage did not agree with the pony, and when he landed at Dover he was not in good condition, though this was, doubtless, in part the result of previous neglect. The Prince Imperial is passionately attached to Tamrour, and, though too tall to ride him now, has declared, that of all things left behind in France, the pony was the most regretted.

Freedom and education go together. Brazil has no sooner abolished slavery than she calls for more school-books.

The president of one of the largest of the English insurance companies went to Chicago only a few days before the great fire, intending to establish an agency there. But he was much impressed by the precarious condition of the city. "You have some fine buildings," he said; "but they are surrounded by very bad ones. The first time circumstances combine against you, your whole city will burn up." He declined to establish an agency there; and he had scarcely left the country before his prediction was terribly verified.

An Irish girl having applied for the position of kitchen-girl in a Connecticut family, was asked if she understood how to use kerosene. "Use it, is it?" she exclaimed, in a tone of reproachful explanation: "give me a can of karyosane, and I'd never ask for the lift of a shavin'." Her qualifications were above the position.

It may not be generally known that salt-water, absorbed through the skin, appeases thirst almost as well as fresh-water taken inwardly. In proof of this, the *Court Journal* gives the following quotation from a "Narrative of Captain Kennedy's Losing his Vessel," which was published in 1869:

"I can not conclude without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt-water, and putting them on without wringing. It was a considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although, from seeing the good effect produced, they afterward practiced it twice a day of their own accord. To this discovery I may with justice attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who must have perished if it had not been put in use. The saline particles which remained in our clothes became incrusted by the heat of the sun and that of our bodies, lacerating our skins, and being otherwise inconvenient, but we found by washing and frequently wetting our clothes without wringing, twice in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time. We uniformly found that thirst was relieved in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment."

Some curious investigator has been trying to find out how many great men smoked, and how many rejected the weed. Ben Jonson was a connoisseur in the art. Hobbes smoked after his early dinner pipes innumerable. Milton never went to bed without a pipe and a glass of water. Sir Isaac Newton was smoking in his garden at Woolsthorpe when the apple fell. Addison had a pipe in his mouth at all hours. Fielding both smoked and chewed. Shelley never smoked, nor Wordsworth, nor Keats. Coleridge, when cured of opium, took to snuff. Campbell loved a pipe. Sir Walter Scott smoked in his carriage, and regularly after dinner. Byron wrote about "sublime tobacco," but was not an excessive smoker. Goethe did not smoke, nor did Shakspeare. Carlyle, now past seventy, has been a sturdy smoker for years. Alfred Tennyson is a persistent smoker of some forty years. Dickens, Jerrold, and Thackeray all puffed. Lord Lytton loves a long pipe at night and cigars by day. Lord Houghton smoked moderately. The late J. M. Kemble, author of "The Seasons in England," was a tremendous smoker. Moore cared not for it; indeed, Irish gentlemen smoke much less than English. Wellington shunned it; so did Peel. Disraeli loved the long pipe in his youth, but in his middle age pronounced it "the tomb of love."

Apropos of smoking is an anecdote which we have read somewhere. A gentleman addicted to the habit was once warmly defending the cigar against the attacks of a lady friend. "You can not say it is injurious," said he, "for I have smoked my cigar for years, and here I am, alive, and seventy years old." "Well," retorted the lady, "if you had not smoked you might have been eighty!"

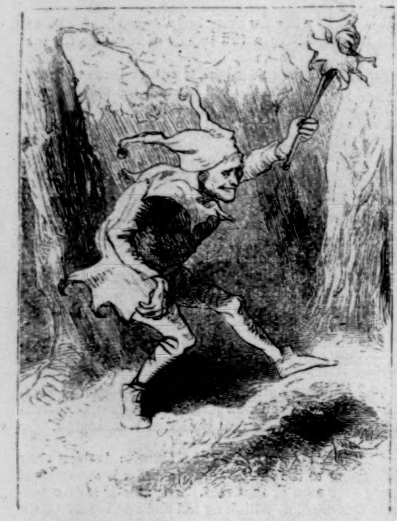
TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

First Published in America in Harper's Weekly.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.*

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY SOL EYTINGE, Jun.



"DANCED LIKE A WITHER'D LEAF BEFORE THE HALL."

Dagonet, the fool, whom Gawain in his moods
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,
At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.
And toward him from the hall, with harp in hand,
And from the crown thereof a carcanet
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,
Came Tristram, saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once
Far down beneath a winding wall of rock
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes
Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid-air
Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the tree
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind
Pierced ever a child's cry: and crag and tree
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous nest,
This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,
And all unscarr'd from beak or talon, brought
A maiden babe; which Arthur pitying took,
Then gave it to his Queen to rear: the Queen
But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms
Received, and after loved it tenderly,
And named it Nestling; so forgot herself
A moment, and her cares; till that young life
Being smitten in mid-heaven with mortal cold
Past from her; and in time the carcanet
Vext her with plaintive memories of the child:
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
"Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace to thine eagle-borne
Dead nestling, and this honor after death,
Following thy will! but, O my Queen, I muse
Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or zone
Those diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,
And Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall," she cried,
"Plunge and be lost—ill-fated as they were,
A bitterness to me!—ye look amazed,
Not knowing they were lost as soon as given—
Slid from my hands, when I was leaning out
Above the river—that unhappy child
Past in her barge: but rosier luck will go
With these rich jewels, seeing that they came
Not from the skeleton of a brother-slayer,
But the sweet body of a maiden babe.
Perchance—who knows?—the purest of thy knights
May win them for the purest of my maids."

She ended, and the cry of a great jousts
With trumpet-blowings ran on all the ways
From Camelot in among the faded fields
To furthest towers; and everywhere the knights
Arm'd for a day of glory before the King.

But on the hither side of that loud morn
Into the hall stagger'd, his visage ribb'd
From ear to ear with dogwhip-weals, his nose
Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,
And one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame,
A churl, to whom indignantly the King,
"My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast
Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face? or fiend?
Man was it who marr'd Heaven's image in thee thus?"

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd teeth,
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump
Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air, said the maim'd churl,
"He took them and he drave them to his tower—
Some hold he was a table-knight of thine—
A hundred goodly ones—the Red Knight, he—
Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight
Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower;
And when I call'd upon thy name as one
That doest right by gentle and by churl,
Maim'd me and maul'd, and would outright have slain,
Save that he sware me to a message, saying—
'Tell thou the King and all his liars, that I
Have founded my Round Table in the North,
And whatsoever his own knights have sworn
My knights have sworn the counter to it—and say
My tower is full of harlots, like his court,
But mine are worthier, seeing they profess
To be none other than themselves—and say
My knights are all adulterers like his own,
But mine are truer, seeing they profess
To be none other; and say his hour is come,
The heathen are upon him, his long lance
Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.'"

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the seneschal,
"Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously
Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.
The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,
Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,
Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,
Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom
The wholesome realm is purged of otherwhere,—
Friends, thro' your manhood and your fealty,—now
Make their last head like Satan in the North.
My younger knights, new-made, in whom your flower
Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,
Move with me toward their quelling, which achieved,
The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.
But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place
Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field;
For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,
Only to yield my Queen her own again?
Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent: is it well?"

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, "It is well:
Yet better if the King abide, and leave
The leading of his younger knights to me.
Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well."

Then Arthur rose, and Lancelot follow'd him,
And while they stood without the doors, the King
Turn'd to him saying, "Is it then so well?
Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he
Of whom was written, 'a sound is in his ears'—
The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance
That only seems half-loyal to command,—
A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—
Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights
Less manful and less gentle than when of old
We swept the heathen from the Roman wall?
Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
From flat confusion and brute violences,
Reel back into the beast, and be no more?"

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,
Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd
North by the gate. In her high bower the Queen,
Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,
Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.
Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme
Of by-gone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

But when the morning of a tournament,
By these in earnest those in mockery call'd
The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,
Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,
Round whose sick head all night, like birds of prey,
The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,
And down a streetway hung with folds of pure
White samite, and by fountains running wine,
Where children sat in white with cups of gold,
Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad steps
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.

He glanced and saw the stately galleries,
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their Queen
White-robed in honor of the stainless child,
And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank
Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of fire.
He lookt but once, and veil'd his eyes again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream
To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll
Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began:
And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf
And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn plume
Went down it. Sighing weariedly, as one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
When all the goodlier guests are past away,
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.
He saw the laws that ruled the tournament
Broken, but spake not; once, a knight cast down
Before his throne of arbitration cursed
The dead babe and the follies of the King:
And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,
And show'd him, like a vermin in its hole,
Modred, a narrow face: anon he heard
The voice that billow'd round the barriers roar
An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,
But newly-enter'd, taller than the rest,
And armor'd all in forest green, whereon
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,
With ever-scattering berries, and on the shield
A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—late
From overseas in Brittany return'd,
And marriage with a princess of that realm,
Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the Woods—
Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometime with pain
His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake
The burthen off his heart in one full shock
With Tristram ev'n to death: his strong hands gript
And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,
Until he groan'd for wrath—so many knights
That ware their ladies' colors on the casque,
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,
And there with gibes and flickering mockeries
Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven crests! O shame!
What faith have these in whom they sware to love?
The glory of our Round Table is no more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave, the gems,
Not speaking other word than "Hast thou won?
Art thou the purest, brother? See, the hand
Wherewith thou takest this, is red!" to whom
Tristram—half plagued by Lancelot's languorous mood—
Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss me this
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry hound?
Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of heart
And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,
Are winners in this pastime of our King.
My hand—belike the lance hath dript upon it—
No blood of mine, I trow; but O, chief knight,
Right arm of Arthur in the battle-field,
Great brother, thou nor I have made the world;
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine."

And Tristram round the gallery made his horse
Caracole; then bow'd his homage, bluntly saying,
"Fair damsels, each to him who worships each
Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, behold
This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."
Then most of these were mute, some anger'd, one
Murmuring "All courtesy is dead," and one,
"The glory of our Round Table is no more."

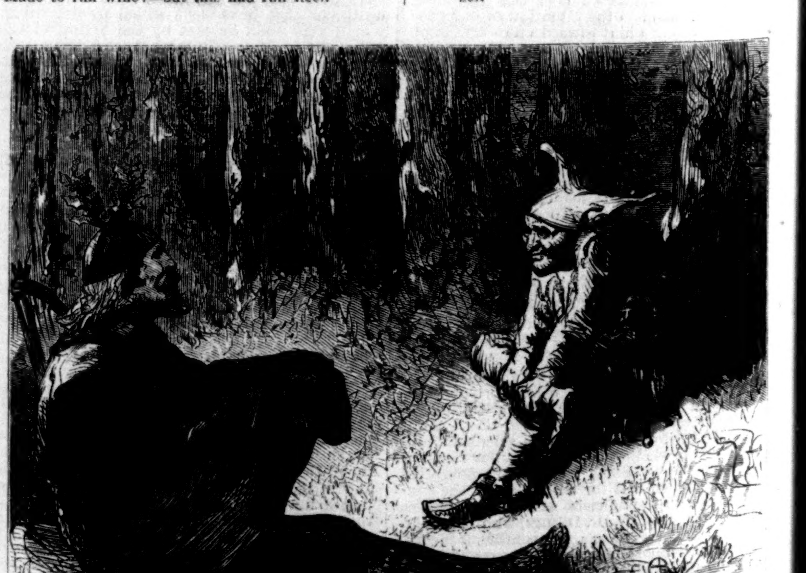
Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle clung,
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
Went glooming down in wet and weariness:
But under her black brows a swarthy dame
Laught shrilly, crying "Praise the patient saints,
Our one white day of Innocence hath past,
Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.
The snowdrop only, flow'ring thro' the year,
Would make the world as blank as Winter-tide.
Come—let us comfort their sad eyes, our Queen's
And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity
With all the kindlier colors of the field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast
Variously gay: for he that tells the tale
Liken'd them, saying "as when an hour of cold
Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,
And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers
Pass under white, till the warm hour returns
With veer of wind, and all are flowers again;
So dame and damsel cast the simple white,
And glowing in all colors, the live grass,
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy, glanced
About the revels, and with mirth so loud
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the Queen,
And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,
Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower
Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn,
High over all the yellowing Autumn-tide,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.
Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"
Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet replied,
"Belike for lack of wiser company;
Or being fool, and seeing too much wit
Makes the world rotten, why, belike I skip
To know myself the wisest knight of all."
"Ay, fool," said Tristram, "but 'tis eating dry
To dance without a catch, a roundelay
To dance to." Then he twangled on his harp,
And while he twangled little Dagonet stood,
Quiet as any water-sodden log
Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook;
But when the twangling ended, skipt again;
Then being ask'd, "Why skipt ye not, Sir Fool?"
Made answer, "I had liefer twenty years
Skip to the broken music of my brains
Than any broken music ye can make."
Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,
"Good now, what music have I broken, fool?"
And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur, the king's;
For when thou playest that air with Queen Isolt,
Thou makest broken music with thy bride,
Her daintier namesake down in Brittany—
And so thou breakest Arthur's music too."
"Save for that broken music in thy brains,
Sir Fool," said Tristram, "I would break thy head.
Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,
The life had flown, we sware but by the shell—
I am but a fool to reason with a fool—
Come, thou art crabb'd and sour: but lean me down,
Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,
And hearken if my music be not true.

"'Free love—free field—we love but while we may:
The woods are hush'd, their music is no more:
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away:
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love to suit the newer day:
New loves are sweet as those that went before:
Free love—free field—we love but while we may.'

"Ye might have moved slow-measure to my tune,
Not stood stockstill. I made it in the woods,
And found it ring as true as tested gold."



"BUT DAGONET, WITH ONE FOOT POISED IN HIS HAND."

But Dagonet, with one foot poised in his hand,
"Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday
Made to run wine?—but this had run itself
All out like a long life to a sour end—
And them that round it sat with golden cups
To hand the wine to whomsoever came—
The twelve small damosels white as Innocence,
In honor of poor Innocence the babe,
Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen
Lent to the King, and Innocence the King
Gave for a prize—and one of those white slips
Handed her cup and piped, the pretty one,
'Drink, drink, Sir Fool,' and thereupon I drank,
Spat—pish—the cup was gold, the draught was mud."
And Tristram, "Was it muddier than thy gibes?
Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?—
Not marking how the knighthood mock thee, fool—
'Fear God: honor the king—his one true knight—
Sole follower of the vows'—for here be they
Who knew thee swine enow before I came,
Smuttier than blasted grain: but when the King
Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up
It frighted all free fool from out thy heart;
Which left thee less than fool, and less than swine,
A naked aught—yet swine I hold thee still,
For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine."

And little Dagonet, mincing with his feet,
"Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my neck
In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast some touch
Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.
Swine? I have wallow'd, I have wash'd—the world
Is flesh and shadow—I have had my day.
The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
Hath foul'd me—an I wallow'd, then I wash'd—
I have had my day and my philosophies—
And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool.
Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams, and geese
Troop'd round a Paynim harper once, who thrumm'd
On such a wire as musically as thou
Some such fine song—but never a king's fool."

And Tristram, "Then were swine, goats, asses, geese
The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
Had such a mastery of his mystery
That he could harp his wife up out of Hell."

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot,
"And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and thyself
Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

And Tristram, "Ay, Sir Fool, for when our King
Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,
Glorying in each new glory, set his name
High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven."

And Dagonet answer'd, "Ay, and when the land
Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself
To babble about him, all to show your wit—
And whether he were king by courtesy,
Or king by right—and so went harping down
The black king's highway, got so far, and grew
So witty that ye play'd at ducks and drakes
With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire.
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?"

"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."
And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will: I see it and hear.
It makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,
And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he said, "ye talk
Fool's treason: is the king thy brother fool?"
Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,
"Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king [illegible] fools!
Conceits himself as God that he can make
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk
From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,
And men from beasts—Long live the king of fools!"

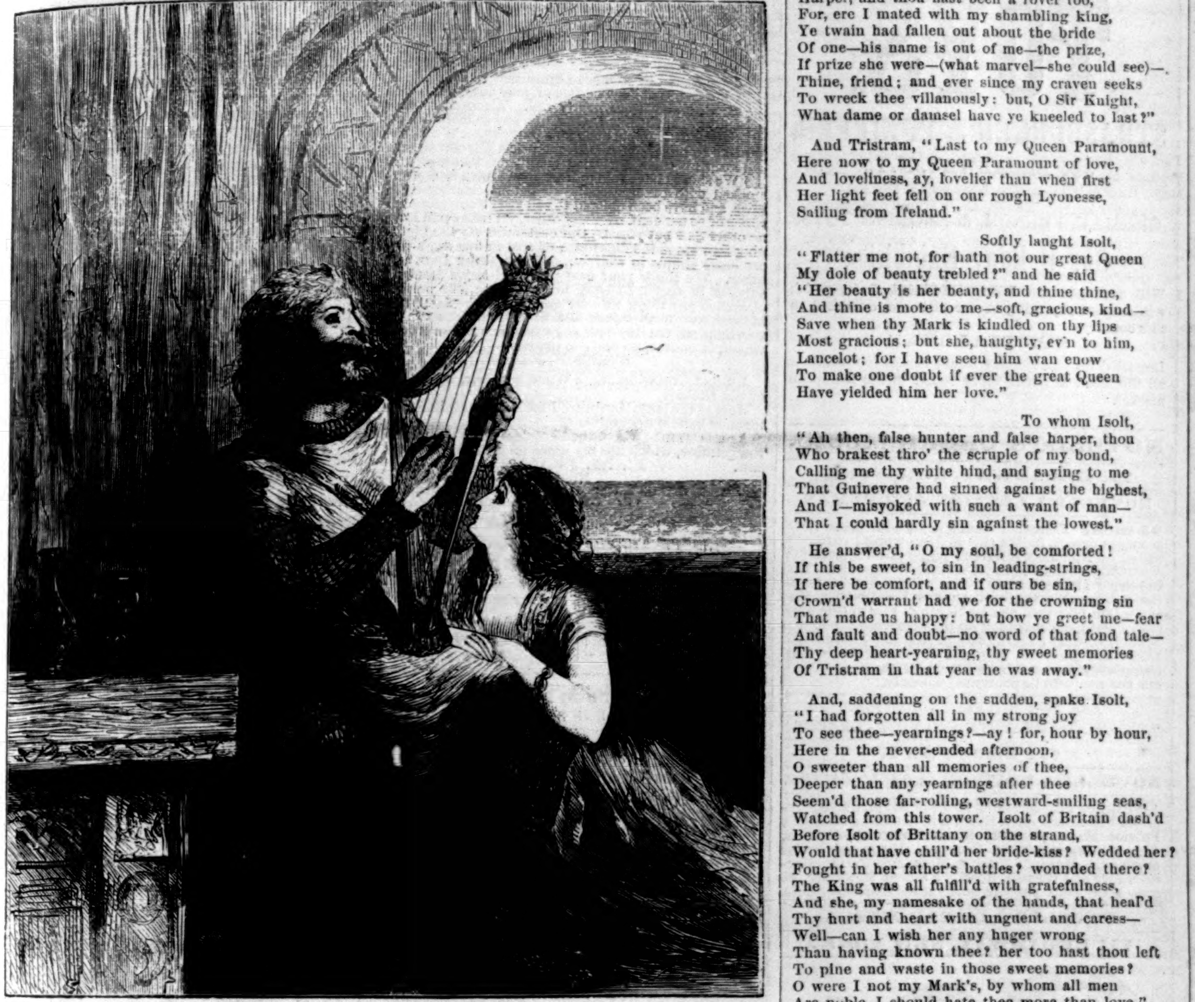
And down the city Dagonet danced away.
But thro' the slowly-mellowing avenues
And solitary passes of the wood
Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and the west.
Before him fled the face of Queen Isolt
With ruby-circled neck, but evermore
Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood
Made dull his inner, keen his outer eye
For all that walk'd, or crept, or perched, or flew.
Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown,
Unruffling waters re-collect the shape
Of one that in them sees himself, return'd;
But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,
Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to lawn
Thro' many a league-long bower he rode. At length
A lodge of intertwisted beechen-boughs
Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft, the which himself
Built for a summer day with Queen Isolt
Against a shower, dark in the golden grove
Appearing, sent his fancy back to where
She lived a moon in that low lodge with him:
Till Mark her lord had past, the Cornish king,
With six or seven, when Tristram was away,
And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading worse than shame
Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,
But bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

---

* This poem is first published in America in *Harper's Weekly*, by arrangement with Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., from the author's advance sheets. It will be issued in book form by Messrs. Osgood & Co. on Saturday. Our readers will observe that this poem belongs to "The Idyls of the King." Its place is between "Pelleas and Ettarre" and "Guinevere."

And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt
So sweet, that halting, in he past, and sank
Down on a drift of foliage random-blown;
But could not rest for musing how to smooth
And sleek his marriage over to the Queen.
Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all
The tonguesters of the court she had not heard.
But then what folly had sent him overseas
After she left him lonely here? a name?
Was it the name of one in Brittany,
Isolt, the daughter of the King? "Isolt
Of the white hands" they call'd her: the sweet name
Allured him first, and then the maid herself,
Who served him well with those white hands of hers,
And loved him well, until himself had thought
He loved her also, wedded easily,
But left her all as easily, and return'd.*
The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes
Had drawn him home—what marvel? then he laid
His brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.



"AY, AY, O AY!"

He seemed to pace the strand of Brittany
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,
And show'd them both the ruby-chain, and both
Began to struggle for it, till his Queen
Graspt it so hard, that all her hand was red.
Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!
These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,
And melts within her hand—her hand is hot
With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,
Is all as cool and white as any flower."
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,
Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears
Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,
And many a glancing plash and sallowy isle,
The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh
Glared on a huge machicolated tower
That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd
A roar of riot, as from men secure
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease
Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.
"Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,
High on a grim dead tree before the tower,
A goodly brother of The Table Round
Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,
And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights
At that dishonor done the gilded spur,
Till each would clash the shield, and blow the horn.
But Arthur waved them back: alone he rode.
Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn,
That sent the face of all the marsh aloft
An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud
Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,
Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,
In blood-red armor sallying, howl'd to the King,
"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat!—
Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King
Who fain had clipt free manhood from the world—
The woman-worshiper? Yea, God's curse, and I!
Slain was the brother of my paramour
By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine
And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,
Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell,
And stings itself to everlasting death,
To hang whatever knight of thine I fought
And tumbled. Art thou King?—Look to thy life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face
Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name
Went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.
And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
Heard in dead night along that table-shore
Drops flat, and after the great waters break
Whitening for half a league and thin themselves
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing; thus he fell
Head-heavy, while the knights, who watched him, roar'd
And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n;
There trampled out his face from being known,
And sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves:
Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang
Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd
The tables over and the wines, and slew
Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,
And all the pavement stream'd with massacre:
Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,
Which half that autumn night, like the live North,
Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,
Made all above it, and a hundred meres
About it, as the water Moab saw
Come round by the East, and out beyond them flush'd
The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

Then out of Tristram waking the red dream
Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,
Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.
He whistled his good war-horse left to graze
Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,
And rode beneath an ever-showering leaf,
Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,
Stay'd him, "Why weep ye?" "Lord," she said, "my man
Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he thought—
"What, an she hate me now? I would not this.
What, an she love me still? I would not that.
I know not what I would"—but said to her,—
"Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,
He find thy favor changed and love thee not"—
Then pressing day by day thro' Lyonesse
Last in a roky hollow, belling, heard
The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds
Yelp at his heart, but turning, past and gain'd
Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,
A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,
A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair
And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.
And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,
Flushed, started, met him at the doors, and there
Belted his body with her white embrace,
Crying aloud "Not Mark—not Mark, my soul!
The footstep flutter'd me at first: not he:
Cat-like thro' his own castle steals my Mark,
But warrior-wise thou stridest through his halls
Who hates thee, as I him—ev'n to the death.
My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark
Quicken within me, and knew that thou wert nigh."
To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.
Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,
"Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,
But save for dread of thee had beaten me,
Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow—Mark?
What rights are his that dare not strike for them?
Not lift a hand—not, tho' he found me thus!
But hearken, have ye met him? hence he went
To-day for three days' hunting—as he said—
And so returns belike within an hour.
Mark's way, my soul!—but eat not thou with him,
Because he hates thee even more than fears;
Nor drink: and when thou passest any wood
Close visor, lest an arrow from the bush
Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.
My God, the measure of my hate for Mark,
Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,
Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake
To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,
"O hunter, and O blower of the horn,
Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,
For, ere I mated with my shambling king,
Ye twain had fallen out about the bride
Of one—his name is out of me—the prize,
If prize she were—(what marvel—she could see)—.
Thine, friend; and ever since my craven seeks
To wreck thee villanously: but, O Sir Knight,
What dame or damsel have ye kneeled to last?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount,
Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,
And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first
Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonesse,
Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laught Isolt,
"Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen
My dole of beauty trebled?" and he said
"Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,
And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, kind—
Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips
Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him,
Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow
To make one doubt if ever the great Queen
Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt,
"Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou
Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,
Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me
That Guinevere had sinned against the highest,
And I—misyoked with such a want of man—
That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted!
If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings,
If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,
Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin
That made us happy: but how ye greet me—fear
And fault and doubt—no word of that fond tale—
Thy deep heart-yearning, thy sweet memories
Of Tristram in that year he was away."

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt,
"I had forgotten all in my strong joy
To see thee—yearnings?—ay! for, hour by hour,
Here in the never-ended afternoon,
O sweeter than all memories of thee,
Deeper than any yearnings after thee
Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,
Watched from this tower. Isolt of Britain dash'd
Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,
Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss? Wedded her?
Fought in her father's battles? wounded there?
The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,
And she, my namesake of the hands, that heal'd
Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress—
Well—can I wish her any huger wrong
Than having known thee? her too hast thou left
To pine and waste in those sweet memories?
O were I not my Mark's, by whom all men
Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, replied,
"Grace, Queen, for being loved: she loved me well.
Did I love her? the name at least I loved.
Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!
The night was dark: the true star set!—Isolt!
The name was ruler of the dark—Isolt?
Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,
Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God."

And Isolt answer'd, "Yea, and why not I?
Mine is the larger need, who am not meek,
Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.
Here one black, mute midsummer night I sate
Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,
Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,
And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.
Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near me stood,
In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend—
Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark—
For there was Mark: 'He has wedded her,' he said,
Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown of towers
So shook to such a roar of all the sky,
That here in utter dark I swoon'd away,
And woke again in utter dark, and cried,
'I will flee hence and give myself to God'—
And thou wert lying in thy new leman's arms."

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,
"May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray,
And past desire!" a saying that anger'd her.
"'May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art old,
And sweet no more to me!' I need Him now.
For when had Lancelot utter'd ought so gross
Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?
The greater man, the greater courtesy.
But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts—
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance
Becomes thee well—art grown wild beast thyself.
How darest thou, if lover, push me even
In fancy from thy side, and set me far
In the gray distance, half a life away,
Her to be loved no more? Unsay it, unswear!
Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,
Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,
Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck
Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe.
Will ye not lie? not swear, as there ye kneel,
And solemnly as when ye sware to him,
The man of men, our King—My God, the power
Was once in vows when men believed the King!
They lied not then, who swore, and thro' their vows
The King prevailing made his realm:—I say,
Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old,
Gray-haired, and past desire, and in despair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,
"Vows! did ye keep the vow ye made to Mark
More than I mine? Lied, say ye? Nay, but learnt,
The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—
My knighthood taught me this—ay, being snapt—
We run more counter to the soul thereof
Than had we never sworn. I swear no more.
I swore to the great King, and am forsworn.
For once—ev'n to the height—I honor'd him.
'Man, is he man at all?' methought, when first
I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and beheld
That victor of the Pagan throned in hall—
His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips with light—
Moreover, that weird legend of his birth,
With Merlin's mystic babble about his end
Amazed me; then, his foot was on a stool
Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man,
But Michael trampling Satan; so I sware,
Being amazed: but this went by—the vows!
O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—
They served their use, their time; for every knight
Believed himself a greater than himself,
And every follower eyed him as a God;
Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,
Did mightier deeds than elsewise he had done,
And so the realm was made; but then their vows—
First mainly thro' that sallying of our Queen—
Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence
Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?
Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up from out the deep
They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh and blood
Of our old Kings: whence then? a doubtful lord
To bind them by inviolable vows,
Which flesh and blood perforce would violate:
For feel this arm of mine—the tide within
Red with free chase and heather-scented air,
Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me pure
As any maiden child? lock up my tongue
From uttering freely what I freely hear?
Bind me to one? The great world laughs at it.
And worldling of the world am I, and know
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
Wooes his own end; we are not angels here
Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of the woods,
And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale
Mock them: my soul, we love but while we may,'
And therefore is my love so large for thee,
Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she said,
"Good: an I turn'd away my love for thee
To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—
For courtesy wins woman all as well
As valor may—but he that closes both
Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed,
Rosier, and comelier, thou—but say I loved
This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee back
Thine own small saw, 'We love but while we may,'
Well then, what answer?"

He that while she spake,
Mindful of what he brought to adorn her with,
The jewels, had let one finger lightly touch
The warm white apple of her throat, replied,
"Press this a little closer, sweet, until—
Come, I am hunger'd and half anger'd—meat,
Wine, wine—and I will love thee to the death,
And out beyond into the dream to come."

So then, when both were brought to full accord,
She rose, and set before him all he will'd;
And after these had comforted the blood
With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts—
Now talking of their woodland paradise,
The deer, the dews, the fern, the founts, the lawns;
Now mocking at the much ungainliness,
And craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark—
Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, and sang;
"Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier!
A star in heaven, a star within the mere!
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire;
And one was far apart, and one was near:
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass!
And one was water and one star was fire,
And one will ever shine and one will pass—
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere."

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram show'd
And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,
"The collar of some order, which our King
Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,
For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers."
"Not so, my Queen," he said, "but the red fruit
Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven
And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,
And hither brought by Tristram, for his last
Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee."

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her neck,
Claspt it: but while he bow'd himself to lay
Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,
Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
"Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

"I AM THY FOOL, AND I SHALL NEVER MAKE THEE SMILE AGAIN."

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,
All in a death-dumb Autumn-dripping gloom,
The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his feet
A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
"What art thou?" and the voice about his feet
Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again."

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mr. Leutz, Philadelphia, Pa., has had a Wheeler & Wilson Machine 16 years; for 8 years it supported a family of nine persons, two of these invalids, running on an average of 19 hours a day, by different persons, without costing a cent for repairs; some of the original dozen of needles are still in use; no personal instruction was received, and a child ten years old learned its use thoroughly.—[*Com.*]

WHY WILL THEY DO IT?

The women we mean. Why will they use chalk, powders, and other face preparations that are more or less injurious, when they can so easily get a perfectly harmless toilet, one that has been chemically analyzed by the Metropolitan Board of Health, and pronounced to be harmless and entirely free from any thing injurious by one of the most eminent physicians of New York City, Dr. Louis A. Sayre.

Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for beautifying the skin. Sold at all Druggists and Fancy Goods stores.

Dépôt, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

The E. Howard & Co. American Watch is the best made in this country, and equal to any made abroad. It has stood the test of years, and all who use it recommend it. Respectable Watch-dealers keep them. Office, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

A Valuable Medicine, and one that seldom fails of doing good, is found in *White Pine Compound*. Coughs, Colds, Lung and Kidney Complaints are either removed or the patient is greatly benefited by its use. Try it.—[*Com.*]

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer for the scalp, and for restoring the hair and its color, has no equal.—[*Com.*]

The Youth's Companion.—The safest and best paper of its class that can find a place in the family.—[*Com.*]

"Burnett's Cocoaine for the hair, once used, recommends itself."—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR PIMPLY ERUPTIONS,

Black Heads, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

"WILD OATS,"

The only thoroughly original, first-class, pungent, and wide-awake humorous and satirical illustrated paper published in this country.

It has a larger circulation than all the other comic papers combined. It is the same size as *Harper's Weekly*, and is illustrated in the highest style of art, while its reading-matter is of the very best, and can not offend the most fastidious.

Be sure and get No. 22, just published, for December. In it the Ring receives the finishing stroke.

WILD OATS has the best reading-matter, the best and most original illustrations of any paper of its class published in the world.

Buy one number and judge for yourselves.

For sale by all Newsdealers. Price **10 cts.**

Send price for specimen copy to

WINCHELL & SMALL, Publishers, 48 Ann St., N. Y.

$21 00 for $5 25.

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL a year, $3 00; The CHRISTIAN UNION a year, $3 00; Two fine Oil Chromos, "*Wide Awake*" and "*Fast Asleep*," mounted, worth $10 00, and Marshall's Household Engraving of Washington, worth $5 00, will all be sent for $5 00 by S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y., who wants Local Agents every where. Either of HARPER'S with all the above for $8 25. S. R. W.

BLEES

NOISELESS,

LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINE

Challenges the world in perfection of work, strength and beauty of stitch, durability of construction, and rapidity of motion. Call and examine. Send for circular. Agents wanted.

MANUFACTURED BY

BLEES

Sewing Machine Co.,

623 Broadway, N. Y.

HUNTING, TRAPPING, & FISHING. A new, practical, and reliable guide, giving briefly just the information wanted about care and use of arms; making and using traps, snares, and nets; baits and baiting; poisons; bird-lime; preserving, stretching, dressing, tanning, and dyeing skins and furs, and much on fishing. With 50 Engravings. Only **20** cents, of booksellers, or JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$10 from 50 Cts

12 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. Wolcott, N.Y.

DRUNKENNESS AND OPIUM EATING. Dr. Beers, 107 Fourth Avenue, New York, has Permanent and Painless Cure for both these evils. Thousands cured. Send stamp for conclusive evidence.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—A. A. MARKS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. City, Inventor and U. S. Gov't Manf'r of First Premium Artificial Limbs, with Rubber Hands and Feet. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, free

First-Class TOOL CHESTS

Fitted up with best Tools, Set and Sharpened for immediate use, for Gents, Amateurs, Farmers, Mechanics, Youths, and Boys. Send for Price-List. See *Harper's Weekly* of Dec. 23 for cut.

J. T. PRATT & CO.,
53 Fulton St., New York.

Medal awarded by Am. Institute.

TOYS.

STRASBURGER & PFEIFFER,

394 BROADWAY, N.Y.,

IMPORTERS OF

GERMAN, FRENCH, & ENGLISH TOYS.

Our Holiday Exhibition

Will commence on **DECEMBER 5th,** which will surpass any thing of the like ever exhibited in this country.

SPECIALTIES

Imported for our Holiday Retail Trade, consisting of all the latest novelties to be found in the European market.

NOVELLO'S CHEAP MUSIC.

751 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOVELLO'S EDITION OF OPERAS.

$1 each. Complete vocal scores, with piano-forte accompaniment, Italian and English words; carefully edited by Natalia Macfarren; paper covers, price $1; splendidly bound in scarlet cloth, gilt edges, $2. The following are now ready: Beethoven's Fidelio (with the two great overtures), Auber's Fra Diavolo, Mozart's Don Giovanni and Le Nozze di Figaro (the only cheap editions containing all the recitatives), Bellini's Norma, Verdi's Il Trovatore and Rigoletto, Donizetti's Lucia and Lucrezia, Rossini's Il Barbiere (the only cheap edition containing all the recitatives), and Weber's Oberon. To be continued monthly.

ASK FOR NOVELLO'S EDITIONS.
"THE BEST, CHEAPEST, AND MOST CORRECT."

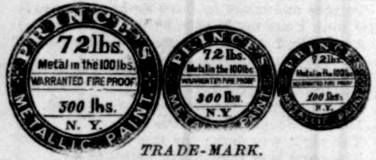
751 BROADWAY.

NOVELLO'S EDITION of ORATORIOS.

50 cts. each. Messiah. Israel in Egypt, Judas, Creation. Mendelssohn's Elijah and Athalie, and Bach's Passion Music, price $1; Handel's Samson, Jephtha, &c., Mendelssohn's St. Paul and Hymn of Praise (complete), Mozart's Twelfth Mass, &c., 75 cts.; Handel's Acis and Galatea, Rossini's Stabat Mater, &c., 60 cts. Many other popular works at the same low prices.

NOVELLO'S CHEAP MUSIC.

751 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



PRINCE'S METALLIC PAINT.
72lbs.
Metal in the 100 lbs.
WARRANTED FIRE PROOF
300 lbs.
N. Y.
200 lbs.
100 lbs.

TRADE-MARK.

Highest Premium awarded by American Inst. Fair, 1871.

CAUTION.—Purchasers of Prince's Metallic Paint are requested to buy in original packages, and see that each package has on trade-mark and name on the side, as *Mineral* and other worthless paints are thrust upon the public on the merit and often in the name of Prince's Metallic Paint. For sale by the trade generally, and PRINCE & BASS, Manufacturers, 96 Cedar St., N. Y.

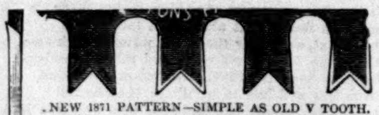
$20 Billiard Table!

Long Winter Evenings! Full-size Cues and Balls! Quick Rubber Cushions! Diagram Free.

ABBOT & NICHOLLS, 95 Liberty St., N. Y.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.

Economy the order of the day. Household articles made from paper, durable and cheap. Pails, Milk-Pans, Wash-Bowls, Fruit-Dishes, &c. Send for Price and Descriptive Lists. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St., N. Y. City.



.NEW 1871 PATTERN—SIMPLE AS OLD V TOOTH.

NOT ONE FAILED IN 20,000.

I select this from many letters received this year regarding my new, latest improved Lightning Saws of 1871 pattern. The house, Messrs. Everson, Frisselle, & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., are known for their high character. They deal largely with farmers and lumbermen.

Mr. E. M. Boynton, 78 Beekman St., N.Y.:—*Sir*, The ninth shipment of your Cross-Cuts and Wood Saws to us this season arrived last Wednesday. Please send us 50 more Lightning Cross-Cut Saws soon as possible. The sale of your Saws continues good, and we are nearly out. We shall require fully 500 Lightning Cross-Cuts, and as many Wood Saws, to complete our year's purchases. We would like to have you reduce the price, if you can still keep up their unrivaled quality of manufacture. We should have sold more, only we have been overstocked with other varieties of patent clearing-teeth saws, and have been obliged to sell your Saws at an advance of 50 per cent. over any other, yet many will have no other Saw but yours. Our customers say the Lightning Saw saves the difference of cost in one day's use, are more simple to sharpen, and run easier than any other. We think your new patent M-tooth Saws do surpass in speed, in ease, in simplicity, and perfect clearance any thing we ever saw, and we are ready to indorse your challenge of $500 to settle by public contest their superiority over any other Saw in the world, which, of course, no one can question.

EVERSON, FRISSELLE, & CO.

A 6-foot Cross-Cut and a Wood Saw sent on receipt of Six Dollars.

Most of the large Hardware Jobbing Houses in America now handle my goods.

Agents wanted where the hardware trade do not sell the genuine, which has my name and warrant on each saw.

E. M. BOYNTON,
No. 78 Beekman St., N. Y.

PLEASANT HOMES

IN THE

ORANGE GROVES.

Good Soil, Good Climate, Fish and Oysters, Game and Fruits, Sea Bathing and Boating, at DAYTONA, FLORIDA.

Inquire of
M. DAY, Jr.,
34 Park Row,
New York.

DENSLOW & BUSH'S "SAFETY" OIL

SAFEST OIL KNOWN

Will not explode! Safest and purest oil known! Fire test over 150°. A lighted lamp may be upset and broken without fear of explosion or fire. Recommended by the Fire Underwriters of N.Y. For sale by all Grocers and Druggists in the U.S. Denslow & Bush, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y.; 40 India St., Boston; 34 S. Calvert St., Baltimore; 51 S. Water St., Chicago.

VENEERS,

HARDWOOD BOARDS,

Large and choice assortment of
FRENCH BLACK WALNUT, AMBOINE, THUYA, HUNGARIAN ASH;
Together with a complete stock of
DOMESTIC FINE FIGURED VENEERS, BOARDS, AND PLANK.

☞ Send for catalogue and price-list.

GEO. W. READ & CO., N. Y.

Factory, 186 to 200 Lewis St., between 5th and 6th Sts.

TEXAN

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT of MEAT,

☞ The only genuine American article.

Economical, excellent, and convenient for making Beef Tea, Soup, Gravy, &c., &c., for Family use and Invalids. An entirely *fresh and improved article* arrived from Texas Office. Price per pound (equal to 45 lbs. prime Beef), $3 25. For sale every where, and by A. GLANZ, Sole Agent, 194 William St., N. Y.

CRISTADORO'S
THE BEST
HAIR DYE.

Depot, 6 Astor House; Factory, 68 Maiden Lane.

SEND STAMP for Circular of Toy Engines (that will run) and other Holiday Goods to
WILSON M. DOUGLASS, Hunter, N. Y.

NOTICE.

☞ *Persons desiring to renew their Subscriptions to* Harper's Periodicals *will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their Names as early as convenient before the Expiration of their present Subscriptions. This will obviate the delay attendant upon reentering names and mailing back Numbers.*

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with either* Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *or* Harper's Bazar, *from the present time to the end of the year* 1872, *for Four Dollars.*

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

TERMS FOR 1872.

Harper's Magazine,	One Year	$4 00
Harper's Weekly,	One Year	4 00
Harper's Bazar,	One Year	4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00, *without extra copy.*

[For particulars for Remitting Moneys, Postage, &c., see the following page.]

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

New York, *October* 31, 1871.

THE
YOUTH'S COMPANION
A
WEEKLY PAPER
FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE
AND THE
FAMILY
Published By
Perry Mason & Co.
BOSTON.

One of the most popular, skillfully edited, and widely circulated papers in the country.

Rev. Edward E. Hale,
Prof. James De Mille,
Mrs. L. C. Moulton,
Mrs. Helen C. Weeks,
Ruth Chesterfield,
Mrs. H. B. Stowe,
"Sophie May,"
Mrs. R. H. Davis,
Mrs. C. W. Flanders,
Mrs. M. A. Denison,

With other well-known and eminent writers, contribute to its columns.

Besides charmingly written Stories and Tales of Adventure, it contains Letters of Travel, Historical and Scientific Articles, Biographical Sketches, Observations in Natural History, Striking Editorials on Current Events, Sports, Games, Puzzles, etc., etc.

Varied, Comprehensive, practical, and full of information, it attracts and interests alike both old and young.

Two Stirring Serial Stories, one of "Home Life," the other "Life on the Frontier," will appear during the year.

Send for Specimen Copies—sent free. Subscription price $1 50 in advance.

PERRY MASON & CO.,
Publishers,
BOSTON..............MASS.

No Cords or Balances Used.

For Sale by Upholsterers.

HARTSHORN'S
SELF ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS.
PAT. OCT. 11TH 64.

486 Broadway, Cor. Broome Street, N. Y. City.

MODELS AND TERMS Sent to the Trade.

DON'T BUY

Until you have seen our new bed and platen printing-press, styled **The Young America,** warranted the best cheap printing-press in the world for the amateur and the general job printer. Address, for circular, ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray St., N. Y., and 8 Province St., Boston.

SHADOW PORTRAITS,

LIFE SIZE.

A new and amusing winter's evening entertainment for old and young. A child can take the portraits. The Album, size 14 x 20, with material for Thirty Portraits, and full directions, will be sent, postage free, on receipt of $2 00. Address

ENDICOTT & CO.,
57 Beekman St., New York.

EMPLOYMENT.

Persons of either sex wishing to obtain situations of any kind in New York City can do so before leaving home, and will receive valuable assistance and information by addressing, with 25 cents inclosed, A. & F. Intelligence Office, Station "A," New York City.

A TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSE WORTH $1500

FOR ONE DOLLAR,

At the GRAND ARMY FAIR, Institute Hall, Wilmington, Del., Friday Evening, Dec. 22d, 1871.

Send for Circulars.

FRANK NOLEN,
Custom-House, Wilmington, Del.,
Chairman Committee on Fair, G. A. R.

ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,

Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in use which can neither break, leak, nor explode. Are ornamental and cheap. Adapted to all household uses; also to stores, factories, churches, &c.

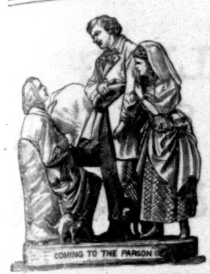
AGENTS MAKE $10 A DAY

SELLING THESE LAMPS.

Manufactured by
WALLACE & SONS,
89 Chambers St., New York.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at extremely low prices, for cash, during this month, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

BENT, GOODNOW, & CO., Boston, Mass., Publish "The Patent Star," sell Patents, and give profitable agencies to canvassers.



ROGERS'
Groups of
STATUARY.

Any of these groups will be delivered, free of expense, at any railroad station in the United States, on receipt of the price. Inclose stamp for illustrated catalogue and price-list to

JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave.,
New York.

Figures will not lie!
How Large Fortunes are made!
☞ FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE. ☜

☞ SEE the prices at which four of the leading Sewing Machines are sold in the UNITED STATES, and ENGLAND.

	Price in England.	In the U. S.
Wheeler & Wilson	$45.00	$85.00
New Singer - -	32.50	65.00
Elias Howe - -	35.00	65.00
Wilson Shuttle -	40.00	45.00

The above Prices are for exactly the same classes of machines as sold in both Countries. There is scarcely any difference in the cost of material and labor in any of the above named machines.

☞ AFFIDAVIT.—W. G. Wilson, President of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken by him from Circulars published in the United States and England under the corporate names of the Companies manufacturing said machines.

FRED. SMITH,
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga Co., O.

The Wilson Sewing Machines are for Sale in most every County in the United States, and
No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are Graded to Fit any Figure, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, the names and directions for putting together being printed on each separate piece of the pattern, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. III.	
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	No. 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
Vol. IV.	
WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	" 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	" 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT	" 21
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for Boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 37
LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 39
VEST-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-Front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PATENTS Solicited by **MUNN & CO.**, Publishers of *Scientific American*, 37 Park Row, New York.

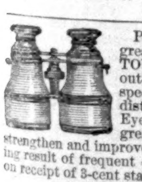
Twenty-five years' Experience.

Pamphlets containing **Patent Laws**, with full directions how to obtain Patents, free.

A bound volume of 118 pages, containing the New Census by counties and large cities, 140 Engravings of Mechanical Movements, Patent Laws and Rules for obtaining Patents, mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.
Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.
MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.

Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16; Offices, $15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to LOWE PRESS CO.,
15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.



PORTABILITY combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly at from two to six miles. Eye-glasses and Spectacles of the greatest transparent power, to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent free on receipt of 3-cent stamp. SEMMONS,
Oculists' Optician, No. 687 Broadway.

RIFLES, Shot-Guns, Revolvers, Gun Material. Write for Price-List, to Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents wanted.*

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. Stinson & Co., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine.

Panama, *November* 13, 1871.

CUNDURANGO, Syrup and Lotion.

The virtues of this valuable plant in curing scrofulous, cancerous, and syphilitic diseases have been established beyond all doubt. The cures that have been effected up to the present seem almost miraculous, and have induced us, as well as some others of the profession, to prepare extracts and syrups from it. On account of its rather disagreeable taste, and for preserving better its peculiar properties, we have preferred the form of a concentrated syrup.

Our position on the Isthmus, and vicinity to the mountains and habitat of the Cundurango plant, enable us to prepare the extract from the perfectly fresh and moist bark, which unfortunately, by all accounts, loses its curative properties when dry.

We have also prepared a lotion for external application, according to the Indian receipt, and consisting of a concentrated decoction of the fresh root and stem, to be used on the ulcers and sores twice a day.

The prices for our Cundurango preparations, with directions around the bottles, are as follows:

Cundurango Syrup, per bottle......... $3 00
" " per dozen bottles.. 30 00
Cundurango Lotion, per bottle......... $2 00
" " per dozen bottles.. 20 00

To obtain our genuine preparations, direct your orders to the Drug-Store of

RIECKER & HARTUNG, Panama, South America.

$8 00
FOR
$3 00!

EACH NEW SUBSCRIBER
TO THE
WESTERN WORLD,

(A large eight-page weekly paper), receives, *gratis*, a magnificent **$5** Steel Engraving, 28 by 38 inches, entitled

"THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD,"

Or one of Prang's Charming **$5** Chromos, 14 by 17 inches, entitled

"HAVE PATIENCE,"

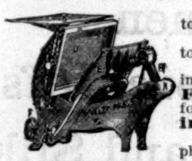
(A little country girl teazing a shepherd dog), one of the most attractive little artistic gems ever issued. Terms, $3 a year. Your choice between the two premiums. Specimen copy of Western World, with full description, sent for stamp.

AGENTS WANTED.—Any one who will engage to act as local agent, and send **$1**, shall receive a perfect copy of either premium he desires, with full instructions, and the Western World for three months, *free*. Local agents can easily make **$5** a day. Address

JAMES R. ELLIOTT, Publisher,
36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

$8 00
FOR
$3 00!

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!
With a Novelty Job Printing-Press.

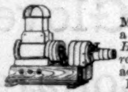


The most valuable addition to the **Business Office.**
The most efficient instructor in **Schools.**
The most fascinating and instructive amusement in the **Family,** and unsurpassed for **General Job Printing.**
Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to

BENJ. O. WOODS, Manufacturer,
351 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.; W. Y. Edwards, 543 Broadway, New York; Kelley, Howell, & Ludwig, 917 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Kellogg & Loomis, 45 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., Agents.

OPTICS.

MARCY'S SCIOPTICON



Is a greatly improved form of MAGIC LANTERN, combined with a Safe and Powerful LAMP. For *Home, Sunday-school*, and *Lecture-room*, it is unrivalled. For circulars, address **L. J. MARCY,**
1340 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa

THE SCIOPTICON MANUAL.
Including Optics, Experiments, Slide-making, &c.
Sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents.

HYPERION HAIR CURLERS.
(*Patented July*, 1867.)
THREE SIZES—NOS. **1, 2, & 3.**

No. 1 has ten, No. 2 eight, and No. 3 six Curlers in each Box. Box No. 1, Smallest size, 25 cents; 3 Boxes, one box of each size, 75 cents, mailed free on receipt of price. McMILLAN & CO., No. 63 North Front St., Phila.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
HISTORY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

It contains over **150** fine engravings of Battle Scenes and Incidents in the War, and is the only FULL, AUTHENTIC, and OFFICIAL history of that great conflict. Agents are meeting with unprecedented success, selling from **20** to **40** copies per day; and it is published in both English and German.

CAUTION. Inferior histories are being circulated. See that the book you buy contains **150** fine engravings and 800 pages. Send for Circulars, and see our terms and a full description of the work. Address

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Paralysis.

Full Instructions for Home Treatment. Address R. N. TOOKER, M.D., 117 East Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

THE BEST, handsomest, and cheapest Magazine in the world is the **"OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."** So says the press, so say the people. The first volume will contain nearly 600 pages, of the highest literary excellence. Printed on fine paper; clear, new type. Only $1 a year. Specimen number, 10 cents. Great inducements to canvassers. Address HARLOW E. WOODWARD, Boston, Mass.

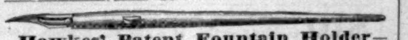
Combination STENCIL ALPHABET and Figures.

It is one of the most useful inventions of the age for Merchants and Business Men.

It is an exceedingly rapid method of marking boxes for shipment, show-cards, price-lists, &c.

Patented Aug. 11, '68. Send for a Circular.
NEW YORK STENCIL WORKS, 87 Nassau St., N. Y.

RAPID RECKONING, or the Art of Performing Arithmetical Calculations almost instantaneously. Any one can learn and apply. The famous "Lightning Calculator's" exhibitions (same system) were the marvel of thousands. Secret was lately sold for $1. In book form, enlarged, only **25** cts., of booksellers, or JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.



Hawkes' Patent Fountain Holder—Nickel Plate, 50c.; Hard Rubber, $1 50 and $3 00. Writes one to ten hours. Use any pen. By mail. Send stamp for circular. G. Hawkes, 66 Nassau St., N. Y.

1000 SWINDLERS were "ventilated" and exposed in the "Star-Spangled Banner" for 1871. If you wish to be "posted" on the "tricks and traps" of Swindlers, the "Banner" will tell you "all about them." It also contains splendid Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Wit, Humor, and 40 columns of valuable first-class reading. Elegant "Prang" Chromo is sent free, and this paper a whole year, for only 75 cents. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money refunded. Specimens FREE. Address Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.

$50 A Week to Agents, male or female. Business honorable. I. L. Garside, Paterson, N. J.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.
American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

$20,000 00 IN PREMIUMS are being offered to Agents for procuring clubs for the CINCINNATI WEEKLY GAZETTE. Send for Prospectus to
CINCINNATI GAZETTE CO., Cincinnati, O.

GLYCERINE CAKE.

Rawolle's Toilet Glycerine Cake is unequaled for Washing, Shaving, Shampooing, Tooth Soap, and Baby Wash; produces a clear, soft, white skin, and prevents pimples and chapping. Warranted over one-half pure Glycerine. For sale by druggists. Marx & Rawolle, Manufacturers of Glycerine, 179 William St., New York.

CURLS! CURLS!—One application of my Hair Curler will curl the straightest hair into beautiful curls, and last six months in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package. JAGGERS & CO., Box 2743, St. Louis, Mo.

A RARE CHANCE FOR ALL OUT OF Employment.—Agents Wanted for the new County and Railroad Map of the United States, extending from ocean to ocean, showing all finished and proposed roads, Counties' Census of 1870 by Counties; also, the Cities of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. This work is unsurpassed for correctness and beauty, and is the best map for agents ever published. My men make $20 per day. Send for circular. Address GAYLORD WATSON, 16 Beekman St., N. Y.; or D. Needham, 55 West Lake St., Chicago.

$150 a Month! Employment! Extra Inducements!

A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low-priced licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

1000 AGENTS WANTED, on Salary or Commission. J. WORTH & CO., Carlinville, Ill.

$30 PER WEEK.—Agents wanted in every town. Address C. W. Dennis, Rochester, N. Y.

$425 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

Fresh Novels,
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

DURNTON ABBEY. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope, Author of "Lindisfarn Chase," "A Siren," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HANNAH. By the Author of "John Halifax." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE PREY OF THE GODS. By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church), Author of "Her Lord and Master," &c. 8vo, Paper, 30 cents.

JOSHUA MARVEL. By B. L. Farjeon, Author of "Grif." 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

ANNE FURNESS. By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," "Veronica," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH. By William Black, Author of "Love or Marriage?" "Kilmeny," "In Silk Attire," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

NEW LIBRARY EDITIONS by the Author of "John Halifax:"

OLIVE.—OGILVIES.—THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.—JOHN HALIFAX.—AGATHA'S HUSBAND. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per volume.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*

☞ *For Valuable New Books, see p.* 1168.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
FOR 1872.

The Messrs. Harper are doing an educational work so important that we can only think of the absence of their periodicals as an irreparable national loss. Such a periodical as Harper's Weekly *is a public benefaction.*—The Methodist.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

A repository of biography and history, literature, science, and art, unequaled by any other American publication.—*N. Y. Standard.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading-matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveler.*

Harper's Weekly deserves its primacy in this class of publications, alike for the value of its reading-matter and the excellence of its illustrations. The editorials on public affairs are models of discussion, weighty and temperate, supporting high principles in an elevated tone and a chastened literary style.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.
A Repository of Fashion Pleasure and Instruction

It is really the only illustrated chronicler of fashion in the country. Its supplements alone are worth the subscription price of the paper. While fully maintaining its position as a mirror of fashion, it also contains stories, poems, brilliant essays, besides general and personal gossip.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

There never was any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

TERMS for 1872.

Harper's Magazine, One Year......$4 00
Harper's Weekly, One Year...... 4 00
Harper's Bazar, One Year...... 4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the Magazine 24 cents a year, for the Weekly or Bazar 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Periodicals.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $500; Half Page, $250; Quarter Page, $150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 50 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

$12 to $24 A DAY.

Agents wanted in every County in the United States to sell a newly patented article of great utility and absolutely needed in every household. For further particulars, address The Champion M'f'g Co, Cleveland, Ohio.

$1000 in 100 DAYS

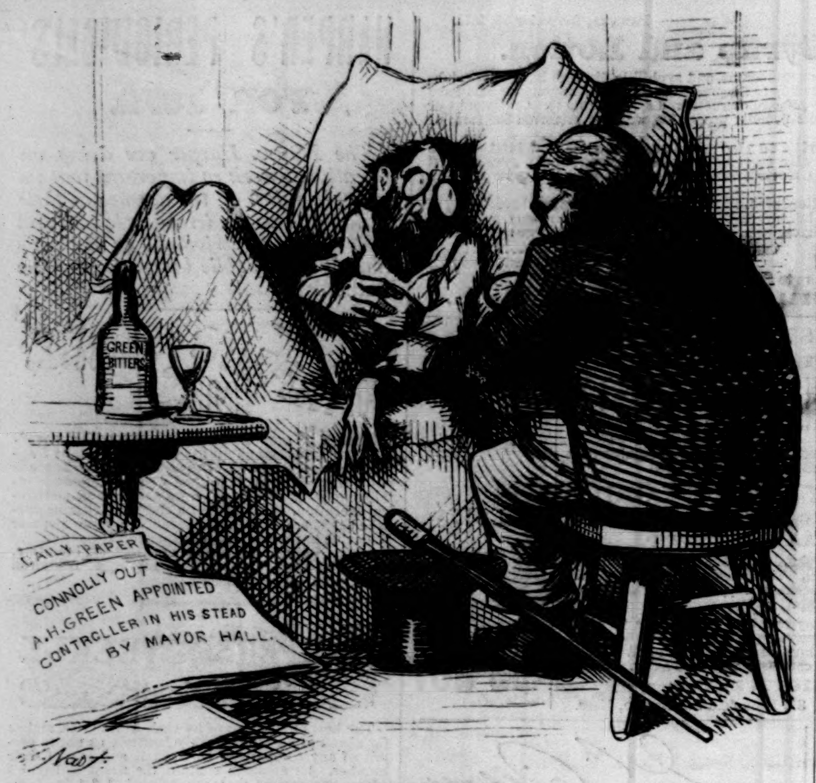
TO AGENTS selling SILVERS' BROOM. Recommended by *Horace Greeley* and *Am. Agriculturist.*
C. A. CLEGG & CO., 20 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

$100 to 250 per month guaranteed sure to Agents every where, selling our new seven-strand *White Platina Clothes Lines.* Sells readily at every house. Samples free. Address the Girard Wire Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—Canvassers, both sexes, to obtain subscribers for an Illustrated Premium Family Paper. Send for specimens and instructions for making $10 per day. J. LATHAM & CO., Box 3856, New York.

$10 A DAY with **Stencil Tools.** Samples free. Address A. E. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt.

$375 A MONTH—Horse and outfit furnished. Address NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.



AN AWFUL DOSE.

TAMMANY HAUL. "Now that I have swallowed that horrid '*Green*' stuff, will I recover?"
Dr. N. Y. "Oh, dear, no. That was only a Tonic. Nothing will save you, you're so far gone."

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

Offer a Splendid Assortment of

SEAL SACQUES,

At much Lower Prices than Last Season;

Astrakhan Sacques,

AT VERY LOW FIGURES;

Seal-Skin Fur,

In Every Style and Pattern for Ladies' Wear, including

NOVELTIES

Of Choice Selections, our own make and imported.

A RICH ASSORTMENT OF

Russian & Hudson's Bay Sables,

BLACK AND SILVER FOXES.

502 & 504 BROADWAY, N.Y.

DOOLEY'S
THE YEAST BEST
POWDER
TRY IT, SOLD BY GROCERS.

MAGIC LANTERNS
AND
STEREOPTICONS.

An unrivaled selection of SLIDES on all subjects. Priced and Illustrated Catalogues sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,
535 Broadway, New York.
924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

"WEARY WATCHING."
A BEAUTIFUL HOME SONG.
Words by GEO. COOPER. Music by E. N. CATLIN.

Weary watching in the darkness
All the little feet are still!
Oh, the heart is sad and lonesome,
When the eyes with sorrow fill!

Falls a dream so sweet and tender
Of the days that now are gone,
When the hours were never dreary,
When the heart was never lone.

The above touching and pathetic song, the most popular produced this season, will be mailed by the Publishers, post-paid, on receipt of price, 40 cents.
WHITE & GOULLAUD, Boston.

NEXT OF KIN.

24,717 ADVERTISEMENTS (Gun's Index to) for NEXT OF KIN, CHANCERY HEIRS, and LEGATEES, since 1600. Price 60 cents.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, N. Y.

"GUANACO"
UMBRELLAS.
TRY ONE.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.

We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible*, containing over **200** fine Scripture Illustrations, to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

SILVER WHITE

Removes tarnish quickly, without injury to the goods. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, Grocers, Furnishing Stores &c. S. M. MILLER Sole Proprietor, 65 Liberty Street, N.Y. Send stamp for sample.

FREEMAN & BURR,
CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,
138 and 140 Fulton Street, New York.

EVERY NOVELTY of Style and Texture of Material in SUITS, OVERCOATS, and CLOTHING of every description, for all ages and all occupations, ready for immediate wear; or, if preferred, any garment is made to measure at few hours' notice.

OVERCOATS, $8, $15.
OVERCOATS, $20, $25.
OVERCOATS, $30, $40.
BUSINESS SUITS, $15, $20.
BUSINESS SUITS, $25, $30.
BUSINESS SUITS, $40, $50.
DRESS SUITS, $20, $30.
DRESS SUITS, $40, $50.
DRESS SUITS, $60, $70.
BOYS' SUITS, $5, $8.
BOYS' SUITS, $10, $15.
BOYS' SUITS, $20, $25.

ORDERS BY LETTER promptly filled. Thousands avail themselves of our NEW SYSTEM FOR SELF-MEASURE, enabling parties in any part of the country to order direct from us with the certainty of receiving the most PERFECT FIT attainable.

RULES FOR SELF-MEASURE, Samples of Goods, Price-List, and Fashion Sheet SENT FREE on application.

PATENT PORTABLE
WINDOW VENTILATOR.
PRICES 50
UNDERHILL & CO
95 [illegible] NEW YORK

The Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.
Assets, Gold, $20,000,000
" *in the United States,* $3,000,000
45 *William St.*

CARBOLIC HEALING C.S. COMPOUND SALVE

Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box.
JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor,
No. 8 College Place, New York.

BAIRD'S BOOKS for Practical Men. Catalogue, 95 pages, octavo, sent free, by mail, to any address. HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Industrial Publisher, 406 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

IF YOU INTEND TO BUILD.

Send for 18 Modern Designs for Suburban and Country Houses. $5. A.J. BICKNELL & Co., 27 Warren St., N. Y.

N.
Robes de Chambre
AND
House Coats,
FOR
HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
Large assortment, superior style, very low prices.
E. A. NEWELL,
727 Broadway, cor. Waverley Place.

SHIRTS.
J. W. Johnston,
[illegible]0 GRAND STREET, New York,

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.
☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.

To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.
☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

MOLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

Is prepared from selected livers, and bottled at Lofoden Islands, Norway. Is the purest, and for limpidity, clearness, and delicacy of taste and smell, is superior to any. Is more readily assimilated and more easily digested than any other Cod-Liver Oil.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Linen
Handkerchiefs,
Merino and Silk
Underwear,
Hosiery, Gloves,
Shirts, Collars,
Cuffs, Drawers,
Robes de Chambre,
House Coats,
WITH THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
Elegant Neck Wear,
FROM
LONDON, PARIS,
AND OUR OWN
WORKROOMS.
UNION ADAMS & CO.,
637 BROADWAY.

WOODWARD'S NATIONAL ARCHITECT.
1000 Working Drawings, $12, postpaid.
GEO. E. WOODWARD,
Publisher, 191 Broadway, N. Y.
Send for Catalogue of all books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports, and the Horse.

UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER

Removes superfluous hair in **five minutes**, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1 25, by S. C. UPHAM, 106 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

J.J.WILSON'S PATENT
STORE W STOOLS
Send for Circular. 89 WHITE ST., N. Y.

$10 A DAY, and more to good, reliable agents. Golding & Co., 14 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Sliding-Guage Button-Hole Cutter. Cuts to any size desired. Will sell every where at sight. 200 per cent. profit; samples prepaid, 25c. *Crescent B. H. C. Co., 723 Jayne St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

RAILROAD BONDS
Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to No. 7 Wall St., N. Y.
CHARLES W. HASSLER

STERLING SILVER.
STARR & MARCUS,
No. 22 JOHN ST.,
(UP STAIRS), N. Y.,
Make a Specialty of the
Gorham M'f'g Co.'s Sterling Silver-Ware.

Especial attention is requested to the many new and elegant pieces manufactured expressly to our order the past year, and quite recently completed.

An unusually attractive assortment of novelties in Fancy Silver, cased for Wedding Gifts, of an inexpensive character.

The Gorham Co. manufacture on an unparalleled scale, employing on Sterling Silver-Ware alone over Three Hundred skilled hands, the most accomplished talent in Designing, and the best Labor-Saving Machinery, enabling them to produce works of the highest character, at prices unapproached by any competition.

This Company use only British Sterling, $\frac{925}{1000}$.

"FITS ANY PEN."

The Darling Self-Supplying Penholder writes 2000 words with one dip of the pen. Samples by mail, 50 cents each; Nickel, $1 00; Rubber, $2 00; **Gold Bank Holder, $2 50.** For sale by Stationers generally. Address W. A. COOKE, 6 State St., N. Y.

WEBER
PIANO-FORTES.
Endorsed by the leading Artists, Seminarians, and the Press, as the
BEST PIANOS MADE.
Prices as reasonable and terms as easy as consistent with thorough workmanship.
WAREROOMS,
Fifth Avenue, cor. 16th St., N. Y.

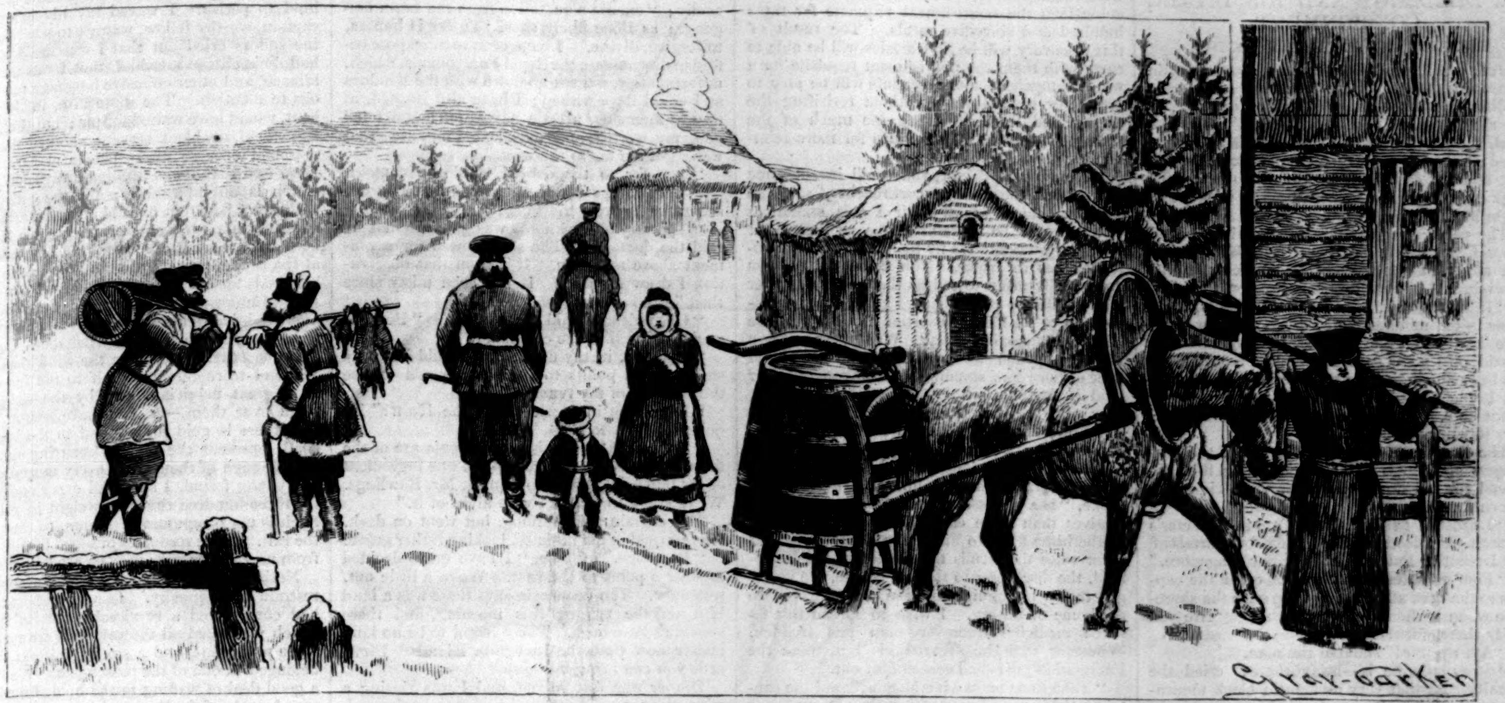
Ladies having birds use the Excelsior Water and Vermin Proof **CAGE MAT**, Great convenience in keeping the Cage clean. Recommended by thousands that are using them. Sent to any address (prepaid), 2 Pkgs. (12 Mats each) 50c., 5 Pkgs. $1. Last 5 months. Send for circular. Agents wanted every where. SCHENCK & Co., 90 Ann St., N. Y. Splendid for Fairs or Holiday Presents.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] Baltimore, Md.

THE UNIVERSAL *Twine and Thread Cutter* is a neat little device, which may be attached to the coat, vest, lady's dress, or work-box. Saves time, twine, thread, fingers, and teeth. Samples mailed on receipt of 25c. If not satisfactory, money returned.
T. B. DOOLITTLE & CO., Office 599 Broadway, N. Y.
Manufactory, Bridgeport, Conn.

If your hair is falling out, or growing thin, use one bottle
DR. KENNEDY'S HAIR TEA,
a purely vegetable Hair Dressing. Sold every where.

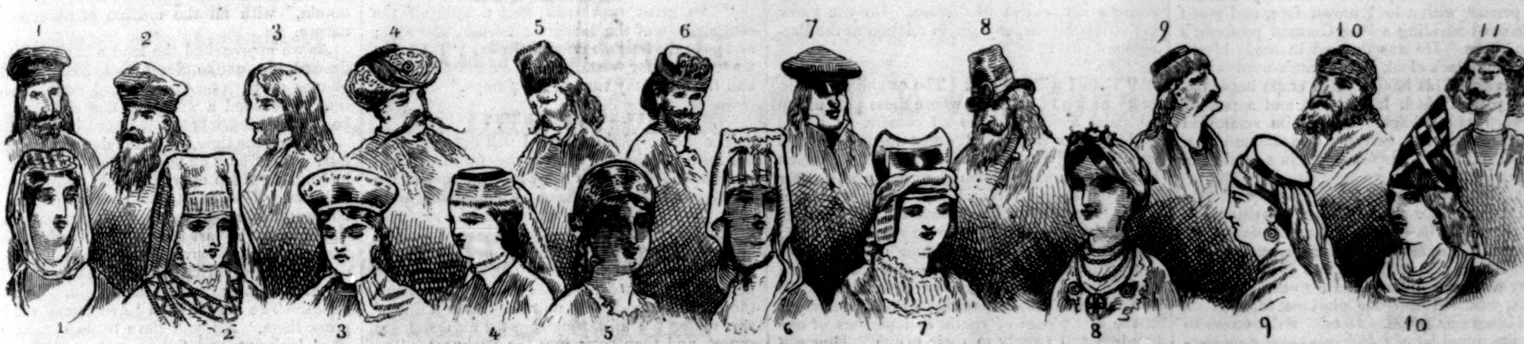
$290 For first-class Pianos—Sent on trial—No Agt's. Address U. S. PIANO CO., 865 B'dway, N. Y.



Mode of carrying Liquors.

Milkman and Sled.

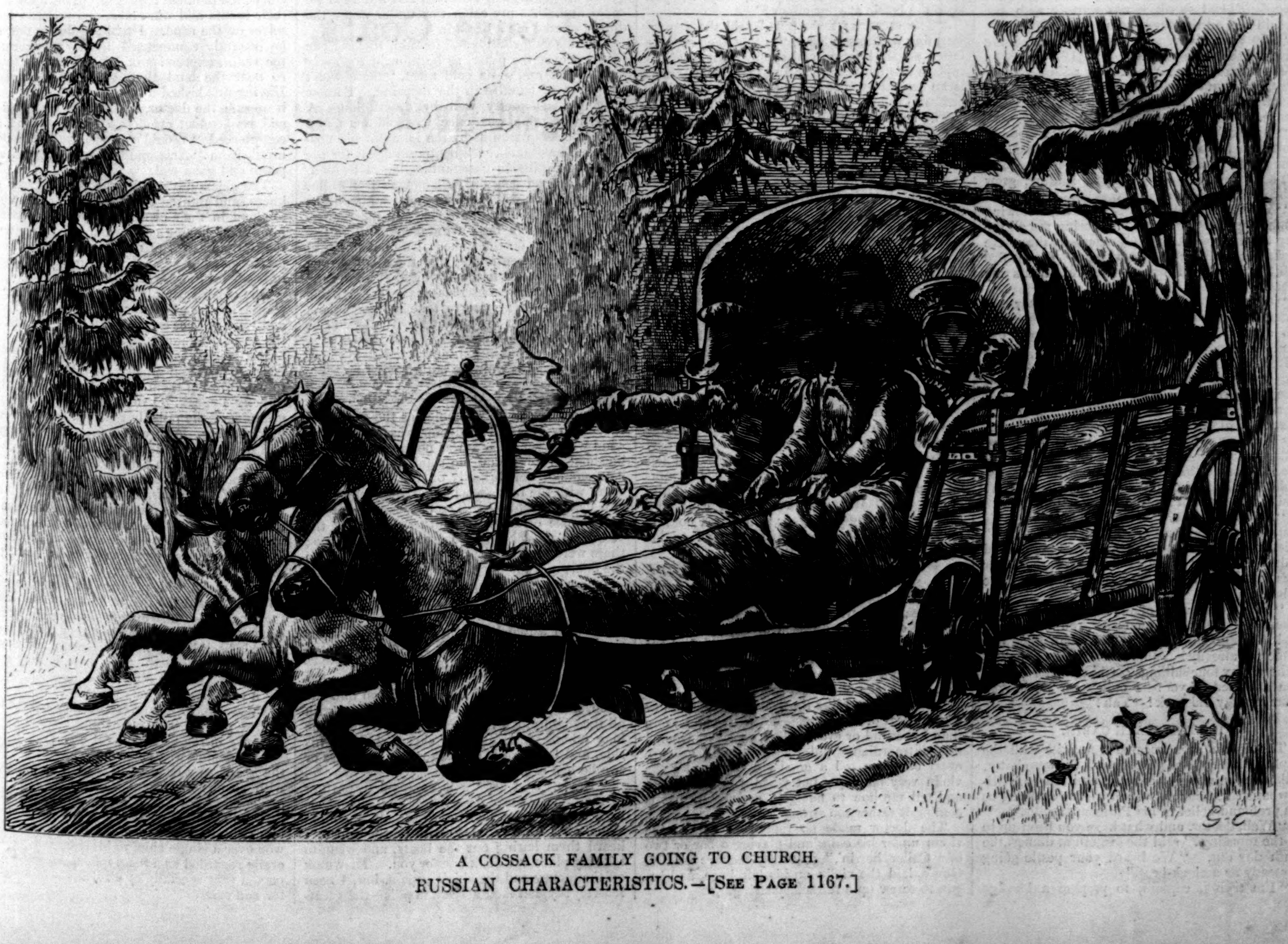
OUTSKIRTS OF A VILLAGE IN CENTRAL RUSSIA.



MEN.—1. Jew. 2. Keraïme. 3. German. 4. Armenian. 5. Kurd. 6. Central Russia (Proper). 7. Lithuanian. 8. From the Government of Vladimir. 9. Valash. 10. Moldavian. 11. Imeretian (People of the Latin Race).

WOMEN.—1. Georgian. 2. Votiaque. 3. Centre of Russia Proper. 4. White Russia. 5, 6, 7. From the Governments of Jaroslav, Riazan, and Kaluga. 8. From the Ukraine (Lesser Russia). 9. Lithuanian. 10. Esthonian.

PRINCIPAL RACES OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.



A COSSACK FAMILY GOING TO CHURCH.

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.—[SEE PAGE 1167.]

DR. DEADSHOT AND HIS LITTLE CONSIGNMENT.

I.—THE AVATAR OF THE DOCTOR.

OUR vessel was ready to start; and Captain Benson, leaning over the side nearest the gate leading into the dock, was looking out eagerly for the last passenger. The cargo was in the hold, the fresh meat and vegetables had just arrived; we only staid for our one more passenger, and the *Black Hawk* would slip out of the dock gates, spread her broad white wings, and begin her long flight to Singapore.

The captain, naturally a bluff, irritable kind of man, was losing his temper fast, for the owners, angry at some unavoidable delay in the stowing, had insisted on our sailing on a Friday.

"If that fellow, whatever his name is, don't come in ten minutes more by the clock over the gate," burst out the captain, "though his fare is paid, off I go as sure as my name is Robinson. It's bad enough to have to sail on a Friday, without losing another twenty-four hours pottering about here. What is the d—— fellow's name, Mr. Rawlings?"

The first mate, who held the list of the passengers and cargo in his hand, being thus appealed to, ran down the paper with his rough brown finger.

"Deadshot (Julius Cæsar!), 14 St. Peter's Church-yard, Rotherhithe. Fifty-four barrels of the Immortal Patagonian Pills, for Singapore."

"Four minutes past twelve!" cried the captain to the man standing ready to seize the shore-rope when it should be flung to us. "Are you ready there, forward?"

"Ay, ay, Sir!" shouted the man.

"Stay, here he is—belay there!" cried the captain. At that very moment a black mourning coach, driven by a red-nosed man in black, and drawn by a long bony black horse with a long professional-looking tail, whirled through the gate, and drove smartly up toward the vessel.

The door flew open, and out stepped a tall lank person, with a long brown face, and green spectacles bestriding a long German professor's sort of nose. He was dressed in seedy black, and a long black cloak with a ram's-wool collar, and carried in his hand a large crape hat-band, a new pair of black kid gloves, and a pair of well-worn saddle-bags. After him scrambled out a black servant, carrying a medicine chest, and a round parcel suspiciously like a pestle and mortar.

"A thousand apologies, honored Sir," said Dr. Deadshot, for that eminent practitioner it soon proved to be—"a thousand apologies for my breach of etiquette. Detained by professional engagement; paying the last act of respect to a worthy patient who had lived for years—in fact, almost subsisted—on our glorious infusion of the Madagascar squill. Detained the coach to bring me round here. *Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est; emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.* Pardon my addressing you in a learned language, which use has made almost second nature. As Horace says, *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*—To-morrow we traverse the great deep. My dear Sir, I am very proud to make your acquaintance."

So saying, the learned doctor strode up the plank that led into the vessel with the greatest *sang-froid*, and shook hands warmly with the captain and all the passengers.

"My fare, Sir, if you please!" shouted the driver of the sable vehicle.

The doctor looked round with mild astonishment, not unmixed with regret, at the man's somewhat stern and almost suspicious vehemence.

"Driver," said he—"driver of that grave but professional vehicle, you have deserved well of your country; behold your honorarium!"

The driver, beholding only a shilling, grew unbecomingly violent.

"You're a pretty fellow," said he, following his fare up into the vessel, "to bring me all the way from Kensal Green Cemetery to these 'ere docks for a shilling! Look here. I want five bob, that's what I want; five bob, that's my charge."

"Observe the violence," said the doctor, addressing us, "superinduced by a heated state of the epigastric region, caused by alcoholic excess.—The charge," he said, turning to the driver, "at first suggested by cupidity, has been urged with intemperance; on that ground I refuse to pay. Try one of my pills night and morning; agents, Sexton & Co., St. Paul's Church-yard.—Boatswain, remove this clamorous man.—For black eye, probably given you by sailor in act of removal, use our Perpetual Panacea Liniment, three and six the bottle; agents, Coffin & Co., Mile End Road. God bless you! and if forever, still forever, fare thee well."

"What's all this? We can have none of this disturbance here; put that man out of the ship!" cried the captain; and as the driver manifested a desire to inflict injury on the doctor, the driver was instantly hustled down the plank by three robust sailors.

"Don't take none of his stuff, any of you," shouted the driver from below, red with rage, and shaking his fist at us; "he's half filled one cemetery already! Yah, quack! yah, old bolus! Where's my four shillings? Cheat a poor driver! I'm ashamed of yer! I only wish I'd broken your scraggy old neck! Yah!"

II.—THE STATE CABIN.

The doctor soon became a favorite with the captain, officers, and passengers. He was chatty, talkative, amusingly pedantic, and full of a Micawberish self-conceit which was as amusing as his profound belief in his Patagonian pills.

"Well, doctor, and what have you been up to all the morning?" said the captain at dinner, the tenth day out. "We heard your pestle going as steady as a clock-beat."

"I'm trying, captain, to prepare a lozenge which shall contain within the compass of half a cubic inch the nourishment requisite for three hundred and sixty-five meals. The result of this discovery will be that armies will be able to carry with them the nourishment requisite for a whole campaign; that aeronauts will be able to cruise for several years without revisiting the earth; and that ships may use much of the room now devoted to provisions for more reimbursing goods."

"I only wish, doctor, you could invent some pills to kill the infernal cockroaches," said the captain, behind whose chair I was standing; "that would be something like an invention! You projectors always fly too high. Every profession has its tricks. Now come, doctor, you don't really mean to tell us that there was ever really a Bishop of Barbadoes cured of an indisposition to all mental exertion by a liberal use of the Patagonian pills? Was there ever a Lord Sleepydon who restored his dilapidated liver of ten years' standing by Patagonian pills? And if the pills sell 14,000,000 boxes a year, pray what are you off to Singapore for?"

"Now, then, doctor," cried all the other passengers.

"Medicine, gentlemen," said the doctor, with exquisite gravity, helping himself to sherry as he spoke, "is a profession entered upon from other motives than mere cash. I tore myself from Rotherhithe to go to Singapore, induced by that inner voice that sends the patriot to the battle-field, the discoverer to the lonely pole, the geologist to the mountain crag, the philanthropist to the home of misery. I wish to spread this favored medicine wherever man has trodden. Wherever man has reared his hut, there the Patagonian pills shall search him out."

"Take some more wine, doctor," said the captain; "you must be out of breath. Do you ever take your own pills?"

"I take no medicine now," said the doctor, "thank God, except dry sherry, the Immortal Pills taken in early youth have so fortified my constitution against all disease. Do you know my ultimate aims, captain, in relation to the Patagonian pills?"

"No."

"Then I will tell you. The establishment in every nation of hospitals where these pills are to be given away gratis to all comers. I would prohibit the use of all other medicines, and should merely demand a small royalty on each box. Any medical man prescribing any other medicine should forfeit his permission to practice. The science thus simplified would make tremendous strides. Death might still knock, as Horace says, with equal hand at the *tabernas pauperum et regumque turres;* still the duration of human life would be, to say the least, doubled. In a century's time men of eighty would be thought in the first bloom of youth, and persons of one hundred and twenty in their prime. Thus the world would go on at a tremendous rate of progress; and all I should ask for would be a statue in every great city in the known globe, a small royalty on every box for the benefit of myself and my posterity, and my portrait on every lid, out of common gratitude to the inventor."

"Take some more wine, doctor," said the cruel captain. "Mr. Johnson, why do you keep the bottle at your elbow?"

"The secret of these pills," said the doctor, warming with his subject, "is that they at once lessen physical decay, and supply all it needs to replace loss by daily wear and tear. The result is an excess over daily expenditure. The hair ceases to fall—"

The captain fixed his eye on a bald region of the doctor's head.

"Yes, true; I began the pills a little too late. The pills prevent decay, but do not replace what is lost, Sir. They will not give a man, for example, brains, though they will prevent a diminution of cerebral force. The use of these pills should be compulsory. The benefited nation, taking so wise a precaution, would never reproach the well-intentioned government that advocated, urged, and finally enforced the scheme. Sickness would disappear, the sexton would bury his useless spade, every one's temper would improve, and universal litigation would change to universal benevolence. No more soldiers, no more lawyers, no more sextons, no more—"

Here the doctor rose to give force to his sentence, but finding himself unsteady, grasped at the table-cloth for assistance; the result of which was that he eventually nearly dragged down all the decanters and glasses, but was prevented by a simultaneous haul on the part of the captain opposite, and his right and left man; upon which the doctor challenged to mortal combat every one who denied the infallibility of the Royal Immortal Patagonian Pills, and calling out, "Steward, your arm," took hold of me, and with extreme gravity stalked to his cabin, where he instantly turned in.

III.—IN TROUBLE.

We had been three weeks out—the last week bad weather—when one evening the doctor startled every body on deck by expressing it as his opinion that the captain was a good deal out of his reckoning. The captain, who was lighting his cigar at the doctor's, puffed furiously at this, then broke out into a scornful laugh.

"Well, come, I like that, doctor! You know a good deal of languages—a plaguy sight more than I ever did or ever shall—you have invented this extraordinary pill that is to kill or cure every one, you tell a good story, you play the violin very handily; but when you come here and tell me how to navigate my vessel, that is coming it rather too strong."

The doctor made no reply, but tucked the violin under his chin, and playing a bar or two of "Caller herrin'," that *chef-d'œuvre* of Neil Gow's, laid the violin on his left knee, and began to screw up a refractory string.

"*Semper dormitat Homerus,*" he said at last, coolly; "excuse a quotation from the Latin language; as Pope finely says, 'To err is human, to forgive, divine.' I have been to Singapore before to disseminate the Royal Patagonians, which, unfortunately, did not go down with the Hindoos as I could have wished; I have also learned, at leisure moments, a little navigation; and I tell you, my worthy and excellent Palinurus, that we've got too far to the west."

"Too far to the deuce!" said the captain. "You'll perhaps tell me next you made an observation this very morning?"

"The very observation I was going to make," said the doctor. "The sun showed for a moment above meridian. It is from that observation I draw my data. It has been misty since then."

"Oh, indeed!" said the captain. "Perhaps you'd like to take the command?"

"If I took it, my dear Sir, I should instantly steer several points to the east; you'll excuse the freedom of my remark."

"Ever been in a gale round the Horn?" inquired the mate.

"Twice. The squills at Patagonia are of the finest description. There I found one ingredient of my pills—no, it was not squills, Mr. Rawlings. We're going to have a rough night of it."

The captain said nothing, but went on deck. He returned in ten minutes, looking rather grave.

"Rawlings," said he, "I have quite decided to steer a point to the east. We're a little out, somehow. The boatswain says there was a land bird on the rigging this morning, and there shouldn't have been. There ought to be no land nearer now than the Incognita Islands. Steward, you can bring the soup."

Dinner was just served, and I was rinsing a wine-glass at a side-table, when the vessel struck heavily on a reef. Such a crash! I thought it was all over with us, and that the vessel was going to break up at once.

The doctor was the only cool person.

"The great coral reef, half a mile off the southeastern of the Incognita Islands," he said; and gave the latitude and longitude. "Thought we were too far west. I'll take a glass of wine, and then take my turn at the pumps."

IV.—ON THE REEF.

The horror of that scene I will not describe: the rush of frightened men, the frantic toil at the pumps, the roar of the wind, the fury of the breakers that swept over us as the gale began to rise. We had jammed so firm on the reef that a sharp point of rock filled the hole it had made, and prevented the leak being instantaneously dangerous. If the sea only fell, and we could get out the boats, there was still hope to reach the nearest island, that now showed in a line of surf under the mist that rose for an instant at sunset, and then sank into the darkness. The boats would not live a moment in such a sea. If the vessel lifted off the rock, we should be drowned in a jiffy. We took our turn in gangs at the pumps, and worked like madmen. That was our only hope. About midnight my gang was relieved, and we were advised to turn in; so I and the doctor, quite worn out, went together to get a glass of spirits and any food we could find. As my cabin was under water, the doctor offered me a berth in his.

"If this gale continues," he said, tucking one long leg over the other, as he munched gravely at a biscuit and some cold meat, "there won't be a man of us alive in the morning. I know these islands pretty well by description. A brother of mine was once wrecked here, and was kept some months by the ignorant but hospitable inhabitants. He is now an agent for the Patagonian pills in Constantinople. I learned, indeed, a good deal of the language from him. Thank God, he will continue to spread the blessings of the pills over the world. In these emergencies I always take a Patagonian; I advise you, Davis, to do the same. I do not mind, at this juncture, mentioning that there is a strong narcotic ingredient in them, which, at all events, will render us unconscious that we are being drowned. I advise you to take a Patagonian; you'll be asleep in five minutes. We sha'n't be wanted yet. Good-night."

The doctor took a pill, and handed me one. In a few minutes we were both fast asleep.

V.—THE DAY AFTER THE STORM.

When I awoke all was quiet as the grave. I rubbed my eyes. The doctor was gone. The wind was down. There was no jangle of voices, no shout of command, no clank at the pumps. The sunlight fell brightly on the doctor's blue cloak with the ram's-wool collar that hung on a nail by the port-hole. The only sound was the quiet ripple of the sea against the sides of the vessel. I must have been dreaming. But no; there were the crumbs of the doctor's biscuit on the floor, and there were his saddle-bags.

In a moment I leaped up, and ran into the next cabin. There was no one—only an empty spirit-bottle and a telescope. As I stood there, dumb with astonishment at the apparent desertion of the vessel and the subsidence of the storm, I heard some one in the saloon playing "Hope told a flattering tale," followed by a bar or two of the "Bay of Biscay." I ran into the room, and found the doctor sitting alone, with all the dignity of a chairman, at the head of the long table. A decanter of sherry stood by his side, and he was all the better for the glass or two he had evidently taken.

"Davis," said he, "sole companion, partner of my fame, we are deserted. The scoundrels have left us here on the wreck all blooming alone. As I always sleep with one ear open, I heard them letting out the boats, and went to take my place and book one for you. They took off the money and the ship's papers, but, I need scarcely say, left the Patagonian pills—the greatest treasure of all, the incomparable pills—behind to perish. I waved my lily hand. The captain, worthy fellow, wanted to put back; but the sailors cried out that I was the Jonah that had done all the mischief, that I was old Harry himself, and other offensive language too numerous to mention. The mate also, in the second boat, would have waited for me; but that matchless rascal, my black servant, shouted that I had poisoned ever so many people at Stratford-le-Bow, and that I was running away from justice, which is an infernal lie; for the pills agreed with every body but one old church-warden, who revenged himself by never paying his bill. So here we are; but it's calm, my boy, and I am at the helm. It's only half a mile to shore; the materials for a raft are at hand; we can get the Royal Immortal Patagonian Pills out of the hold; and the inhabitants here restrict themselves, except on certain festivals, to a fish diet. Come, we must be stirring, for fear the wind rises again. I intend to represent myself to the inhabitants as a great magician, sent by the sea-gods to reign over them.—N.B. I have reason to suppose there is gold to be found in the island. I shall represent the pills as securing those who take enough of them from every mortal disease. My young friend, I shall sell every one of them for three hundred times its weight in gold-dust. Such is my programme. Come, to the raft—to the raft. If the resources of social life are cut off from us, the treasures of hope are still our own."

Nothing could damp the doctor's courage or restrain his loquacity. In a very short time we had constructed a serviceable raft of spars, to which we lashed all the valuables we could find, some provisions, and a suit of uniform that had belonged to one of the passengers. We then, by a good deal of wading in the hold, fished up fifteen barrels of the Patagonians, and lashed them to the sides of the raft. We managed to rig a small mast with a square-sail; and the doctor was delighted. As we drifted slowly toward land my extraordinary friend played "Rule Britannia," with all the unction of his eccentric nature.

As we approached the land a band of chiefs, dressed not unlike South Sea Islanders, with plumes of parrots' feathers and robes of matting, descended a sand-hill that sloped to the beach.

"Now's the time," said the doctor, never at a loss. "*Robur et æs triplex*, Davis, which means in English, Keep up your pluck. Give me that uniform. They must take me for a creature of another planet. They always choose their kings this way. The last they had was a black cook, from a Spanish wreck, who drank himself to death after a glorious reign of fat pork and incessant intoxication. That's right. Now the violin. The march from 'Artaxerxes' will impress them. All you have to do is to keep a good look-out, and fall on your nose, to show respect, every time I speak to you. Turn on the telescope now, and see what they are up to. I wish we had brought more pills. I only hope those rascals who deserted us are all drowned."

VI.—COCOROCO.

I turned the telescope on, and saw the six chiefs, the moment they observed us, throw down their spears and war-clubs, and prostrate themselves on the sand. I told the doctor this, and he instantly commenced a lively movement on the violin, expressive of joy. We had now got so near the land that we could leap ashore. Having first lashed a rope to the raft, and drawn it up safe, the doctor, in full fig, with cocked hat and resplendent epaulets, stepped on land, and commenced "Would you win the gentle creature?" from "Acis and Galatea," expressive of peace and good-will.

The chiefs advanced, crawling on hands and knees, and refused to rise till the doctor spoke to them in their own language, and announced himself as having come from a country east of the sun, and west of the moon, to bring them a precious medicine that saved from any wounds in battle all those who took enough of it.

The chiefs instantly hailed him with great applause, as one whom they venerated and feared, and were at once employed to carry the pills and the rest of our goods.

"All right, Davis," said the doctor, interpreting as it went on all that he said. "We'll get to windward of them now. Down on your nose directly I speak. I've slightly altered the programme of the pills, but they're good for every mortal thing. All we want is some of their gold, and time to get to the chief island of the group, where vessels from Singapore often touch. In my opinion we have made a very good first step."

One of the chiefs, running on before, just as we approached the principal town of the island—a huge circle of huts formed of matting, roofed with palm branches—soon came back, followed by an enormous procession of men, beating on drums and waving spears.

"My violin will produce an immense effect on them," said the doctor to me, "as I believe they have no instruments but those infernal drums, and a sort of flageolet they make out of a shark's back-bone; not a successful instrument.—N.B. I believe the pork here is very good, and though a meat difficult of digestion, we will try a roast leg this very night, or I'm not King of Cocoroco, or whatever else they call the misguided place. The only thing I dread here is the envy of the local medical man."

The doctor was right. From the very first the great physician of the place regarded us with suspicion, though we kept hard at work exchanging the pills for gold-dust. He was a little old malign one-eyed fellow, with a bad temper and a game-leg. He, however, never won over a single chief to his side, and was generally regarded as a mere infidel, for despising a person sent specially by Providence as a legislator and ruler.

At the first great pow-wow, or congress, the doctor delivered a lecture on the pills that produced a profound sensation. He translated it to me afterward.

"Great people of Cocoroco," he said, "I have brought you the medicine and the music of the country beyond the sun. The pills not only beneficially affect the liver, brain, heart, stomach, and general digestive system, but they also drive off all disease, prevent any wounds being mortal, and, if taken in sufficient quantities, extend life to an almost illimitable duration. Forbidden by the laws of the land beyond the sun to disclose these secrets without reward, I hereby offer to play this divine instrument to any rich man of the island for a pound of gold-dust, and to barter every one of these pain-destroying, long-life-producing pills for two pounds of the same commodity. The pills that prevent any one dying at all, I only dispose of for one hundred pounds of gold-dust."

I could see the little doctor swelling with envy. He rose when the acclamations were over, and a tribute of three hundred pigs had been presented to the new king, and spoke:

"Men of Cocoroco," he said, "we are told much of these pills, brought by this stranger drifted upon our shore. Allipelago, the great sweet-cane planter, bought three of these pills, that prevent any one dying; one was for himself, and the others for his two wives."

"We know it," cried many voices.

"Allipelago, the same night, in his joy, gave a feast to all his tenants. At that feast Allipelago and Calipash, having drunk too much palm-wine, fell out, and fought with clubs."

The doctor looked at me, and said, "I don't much like this, Davis; I have always suffered from professional jealousy."

"They fought with clubs," went on the speaker, "and the result was the severe fracture of Allipelago's skull, who now lies dead as the herring that is red."

The doctor in his excitement paraphrased the doctor's remarks.

"Allipelago is outside the tent now; any one can see him, and this is the result of the stranger's pill. Men of Cocoroco, it was the Evil Spirit, and not the Good, that sent this man here. Seize him!"

But no one seized the doctor, who, after a bar or two of "Cease, rude Boreas," denounced his rival as worthy to be hung for a detractor and a cheat.

"There has been some mistake," he said, "gentlemen. My servant Davis here must have taken a pill from the wrong cask. Moreover, I doubt Allipelago's having taken the pill at all."

"I saw him swallow it," said the rival; "and he told me what he had given for it. If the pills have this virtue, let the doctor swallow one before us, and then fight our great warrior Sayeroo. Let him prove that Sayeroo's club is unable to wound the consumer of this vaunted medicine. Mark this supposed magician. You see, he wavers. Seize him! I denounce him!"

The people wavered. The doctor saw it, and, seizing his violin, was beginning, "I am the boy for bewitching them," when his rival tore the violin from his hands, and leaping on it, scrunched it to pieces.

"The spell is broken!" cried the doctor's enemy: "it all lay in that. He is harmless now. I knew from the beginning the Evil Spirit had sent him!"

"*Eheu fugaces*, Davis!" groaned the doctor, as they seized him. "Perhaps I asserted too much for the Royal Patagonians. I was hoping we should get away before any one died. The incomparable virtue of these pills will now be forever doubted in the island of Cocoroco. Of all the spiteful rascals—but I do think he was really afraid of the violin—oh, I should like to have the doctoring of that fellow!"

The doctor's eloquence and soft-sawder were all in vain. He had scarcely had time to fill his pockets with half a cask of pills and some gold-dust when we were both bound and led off toward the shore, not half a mile from where we had landed.

"They are going to drown us!" I cried to the doctor, half dead with fear.

"Oh no!" said he. "They proposed that at first; but now they talk of tying us up in two palm-trees for the night. To-morrow they will hold two great public dinners round us—a lemon and a knife and fork to each man. Then they'll light two big fires, and shake us down for roasting. But don't be afraid. A friend of ours, whose daughter I was going to marry, and whom the incomparable pills really cured of a bad fever, is going to be left as our sentinel. He is afraid of me, and I'll threaten him with every disease I can think of if he does not free us at night. If that won't do, you must persuade him to take a pill—I'll tell you how; if that sets him asleep, as it ought, we are safe. Here's the pill. Mind, produce it when I tell you, but not till then."

Our cruel enemy saw us mount the palm-trees with the greatest composure. Rings of lemons were placed round each tree, and fires laid ready for lighting. The sentinel the doctor had mentioned was placed to guard us, armed with spear and club.

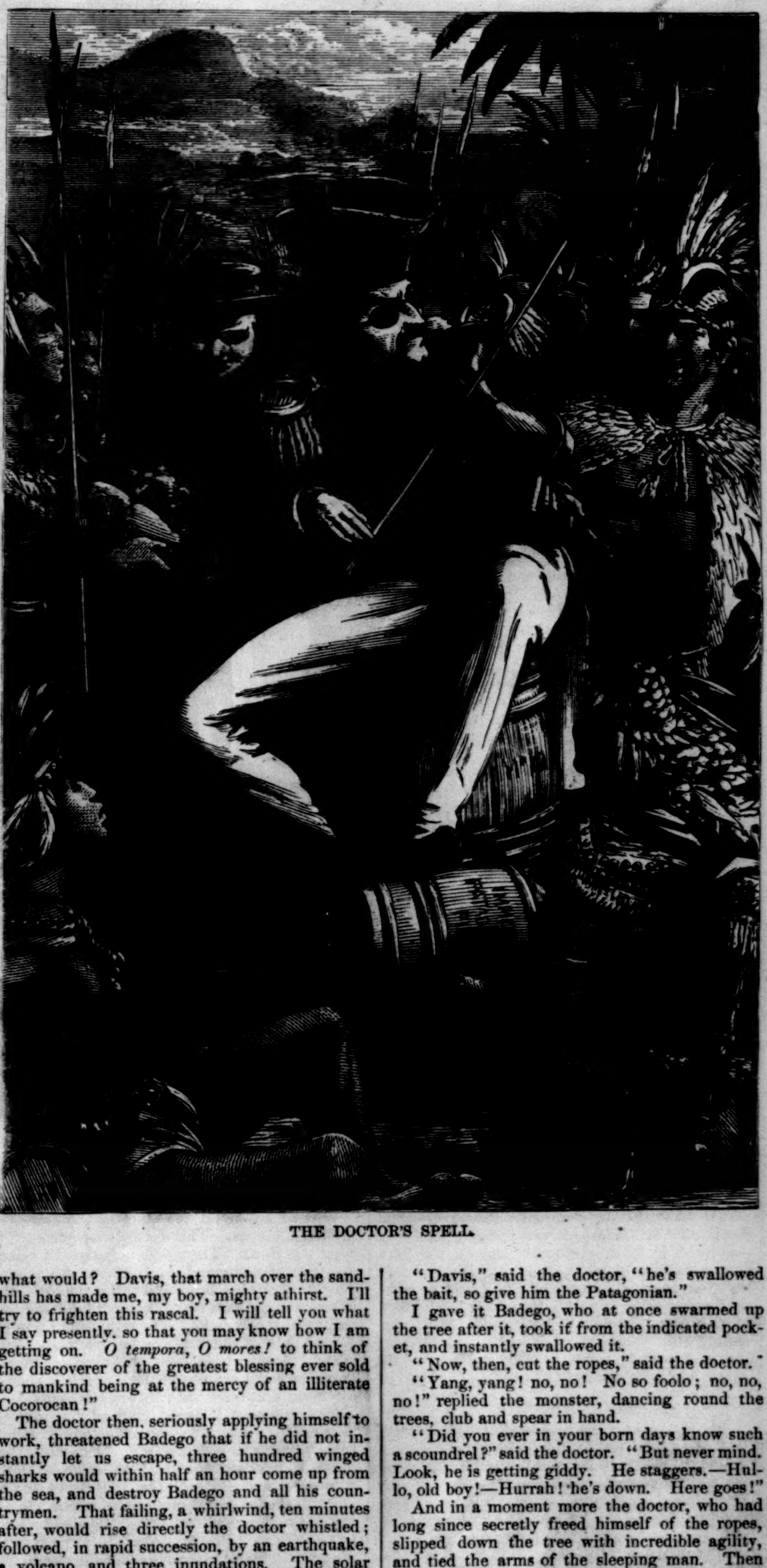
"Men from the land beyond the sun," said the Archbishop of Cocoroco, waving his crozier at us, "you say you were sent to rule over us. If that was so, the sea will send a ship to-night to save you. If not, we shall offer you up to-morrow to the manes of Allipelago, and eat you afterward. I think perhaps that will be a warning to you. Good-night.—Badego, keep good ward."

This struck me as rather melodramatic language; but that was the doctor's mode of translating, and he was of a theatrical, Micawberish, and romantic turn of mind.

VII.—UP A TREE.

We were in a dreadful position—in a savage country, perched up in two trees, to be made a meal of in the morning. But, somehow or other, I had seen so much of the doctor's extraordinary shrewdness and readiness of resource that I felt that by some device he would extricate me and himself from this peril; and even when the chiefs left us alone with our guard just at moonrise, I could hardly repress a smile as I saw that lank figure in uniform curled up like a great roosting flamingo in the middle of the branches of a palm-tree. We were very near together, and were able to enter at once into conversation.

"I regret, Davis," said the doctor, "that I had not supplied myself with several articles that might have been useful at this juncture. If I had three things now—some squibs, some crackers, and some phosphorus—I would tell that Badego such enormous lies, and so frighten him, that he would instantly let us escape. I would first rub this cerebral covering called a cocked hat with phosphorus till his hair stood on end, I would let off a squib at every sentence till he went into fits, and then drop down a dozen crackers; and if that didn't make him believe in my being sent by Providence to rule over this country, what would? Davis, that march over the sand-hills has made me, my boy, mighty athirst. I'll try to frighten this rascal. I will tell you what I say presently, so that you may know how I am getting on. *O tempora, O mores!* to think of the discoverer of the greatest blessing ever sold to mankind being at the mercy of an illiterate Cocorocan!"



THE DOCTOR'S SPELL.

The doctor then, seriously applying himself to work, threatened Badego that if he did not instantly let us escape, three hundred winged sharks would within half an hour come up from the sea, and destroy Badego and all his countrymen. That failing, a whirlwind, ten minutes after, would rise directly the doctor whistled; followed, in rapid succession, by an earthquake, a volcano, and three inundations. The solar Lord Chancellor and Minister of the Board of Trade were, he said, very angry at his detention, he was so great and useful a magician.

But Badego was inexorable.

"Chow bang no! No, yara! Boodle wing foo! Much threats no hurt," he replied, angrily; which meant, the doctor gloomily told me, that if he, the doctor, was so great a magician, he had better tell the ropes to drop off, and wish himself back in his own country. If he was so great a magician, he might have known that some men of his country had landed yesterday.

"Crass ignorance! Hear his lies!" said the doctor: "but now I'll try another tack. He has consulted me once or twice, and I know his weak points. Oh, if I could only get him to take a Patagonian! He is a hard-hearted brute, and ungrateful as the viper in the fable.—Badego," he said, in a wheedling voice, "your liver is disordered by too frequent draughts of rice-wine. You are old and shattered; you are gouty, and have a bad cough. You will not live three years. Would you like to know how to prolong your life?"

Badego shook with fear, and gradually came trembling up to the doctor's tree.

"You cured me, king," he said, "of one fever. Tell me what to do."

"Take a Patagonian pill. It will secure you from all disease, and give you a hundred years more of life. A boxful prevents you from dying at all, but there is only one hundred-year pill left."

"But Allipelago?" suggested Badego, who was evidently wavering.

"He had only taken fourteen, and they weren't the true sort, of which I had only one left, and that belonged to my friend here."

"Give me that, give me that, and I'll let you go."

"Davis," said the doctor, "he's swallowed the bait, so give him the Patagonian."

I gave it Badego, who at once swarmed up the tree after it, took it from the indicated pocket, and instantly swallowed it.

"Now, then, cut the ropes," said the doctor.

"Yang, yang! no, no! No so foolo; no, no, no!" replied the monster, dancing round the trees, club and spear in hand.

"Did you ever in your born days know such a scoundrel?" said the doctor. "But never mind. Look, he is getting giddy. He staggers.—Hullo, old boy!—Hurrah! he's down. Here goes!"

And in a moment more the doctor, who had long since secretly freed himself of the ropes, slipped down the tree with incredible agility, and tied the arms of the sleeping man. Then he swarmed up my tree and unloosed my fetters.

"Davis," said he, "the Patagonian pills shall still be disseminated in new countries. Those people he speaks of may be part of our crew. We'll make for that light I see down there by the shore. I've a good mind to put an end to this ungrateful rascal" (here he kicked him violently); "but no—let the brute live. They'll be sure to knock him on the head when they find us gone. Come; time presses, and we've had almost enough of Cocoroco."

VIII.—THE PILLS REALLY PROVE USEFUL.

At the corner of a belt of palm-trees, about half a mile off, a gruff voice shouted as we approached,

"Who goes there?"

"Davis," said the doctor, proudly, "that voice is the voice of Robinson, the boatswain; hoarse with rum, but harmonized by honesty. Hullo here, Robinson! We're friends—Dr. Deadshot, inventor of the Patagonian pill, and John Davis, late steward of the *Black Hawk*. Davis, be kind enough to join me in 'Rule Britannia.'"

Robinson, delighted at our escape, instantly led us to some rough tents, built up with spars and sails, where we found the captain and the crew—all very jolly, considering—except the doctor's black servant and the cook, who, drinking too much rum, had fallen out of the cutter and been drowned.

"Doctor," said the captain, "you find us in an awful fix. There is a Chinese junk a mile off, come here to buy opium, and they can't get any. They won't take us off but on one condition—ten pounds of opium; and we haven't saved even the medicine chest."

The doctor ruminated for a moment.

"Friend Palinurus," he exclaimed, "it is no time to hoard up in one's own bosom the secrets of science. The Patagonian pills, I may now disclose, are three parts opium, the remaining fourth being composed of herbs from Tierra del Fuego, and a mineral procured at enormous expense from the north pole. The casks now in the wreck will supply the honorarium for passage demanded by these proud and mercenary barbarians. Put off the boats, and let us seek the matchless treasure; not saying a word, not breathing, in fact, a syllable, about the adulteration, as they would, perhaps, irreverently call it."

The captain's jaw fell.

"Doctor," said he, "we have recovered a few things from the wreck, especially my chest, etc.; but last night the last fragment of the wreck disappeared, and nothing has since been washed on shore but one very acceptable cask of rum, which accounts for our present apparent contentment. These Chinese fools are off the day after to-morrow, and we are lost."

"Not so, my dear Sir," said the doctor, "I am proud to say. There are still under the fireplace of my house at Cocoroco eleven casks of the Royal Patagonians buried. We have but to obtain a guard of armed Chinese sailors, and the casks are easily recoverable. Every cask of Patagonians contains at least five pounds of the required drug; and so join us in 'A life on the ocean wave,' and respect the versatility of the scientific mind even when hard drove."

At the moment of the doctor's fourth glass the boatswain, followed by six of the men, entered the tent, and, with many rough bows and winks, said that the ship's company would be glad to drink the doctor's health, and many happy returns of the day.

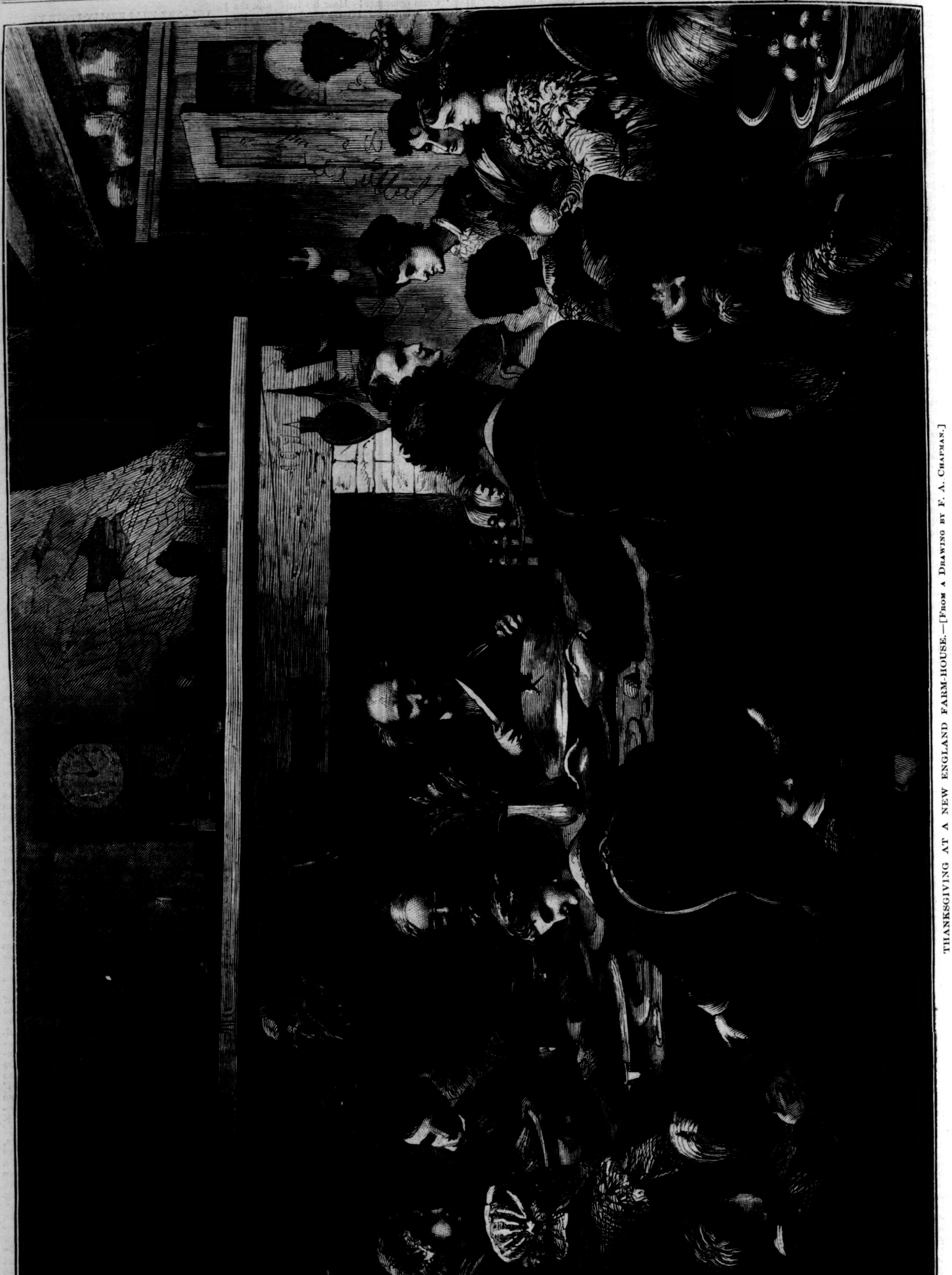
"Ungrateful herd!" said the doctor, rising and shaking his right hand at them. "But I forgive you. The world is like that. Still, henceforth leave a place in the boat, my countrymen, for scientific men in distress; and may the toast of 'Never desert a friend in need' be ever remembered at your midnight repast. The discoverer of the Royal Immortal Patagonian Pills, when expiring, will have at least one proud satisfaction—that of thinking that if he has made some serious mistakes in medicine—and who has not?—he has at last nobly atoned for them by saving the band of twenty-eight" (there were only fourteen) "brave British seamen he now sees before him from the cruel and, when provoked, anthropophagous inhabitants of Cocoroco. Gentlemen and fellow-sailors, in proposing the health of our excellent captain, let me couple with it the army and navy forever—hurrah for the red, white, and blue! and though fathoms five our good ship lies, with old England on the lee, let us rejoice to think, yea, let it be our pride to remember, that, though beset by enemies, we never raised our hand against a woman, and never lost a feeling of love for the British Constitution. Three times three for the House of Lords, which has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze! and if there should ever be danger on the deep, let us, shoulder to shoulder, march at the lead of Captain Rawlings—Benson, I should say—against the common enemy, with this one word upon our banners, 'The liberty of the Press, and the British Constitooshun forever!' Hoorah for the red, white, and blue!"

With apologies for the nervous excitement into which the danger had thrown him, the doctor retired, by zigzag, for the night, amidst three tremendous cheers.

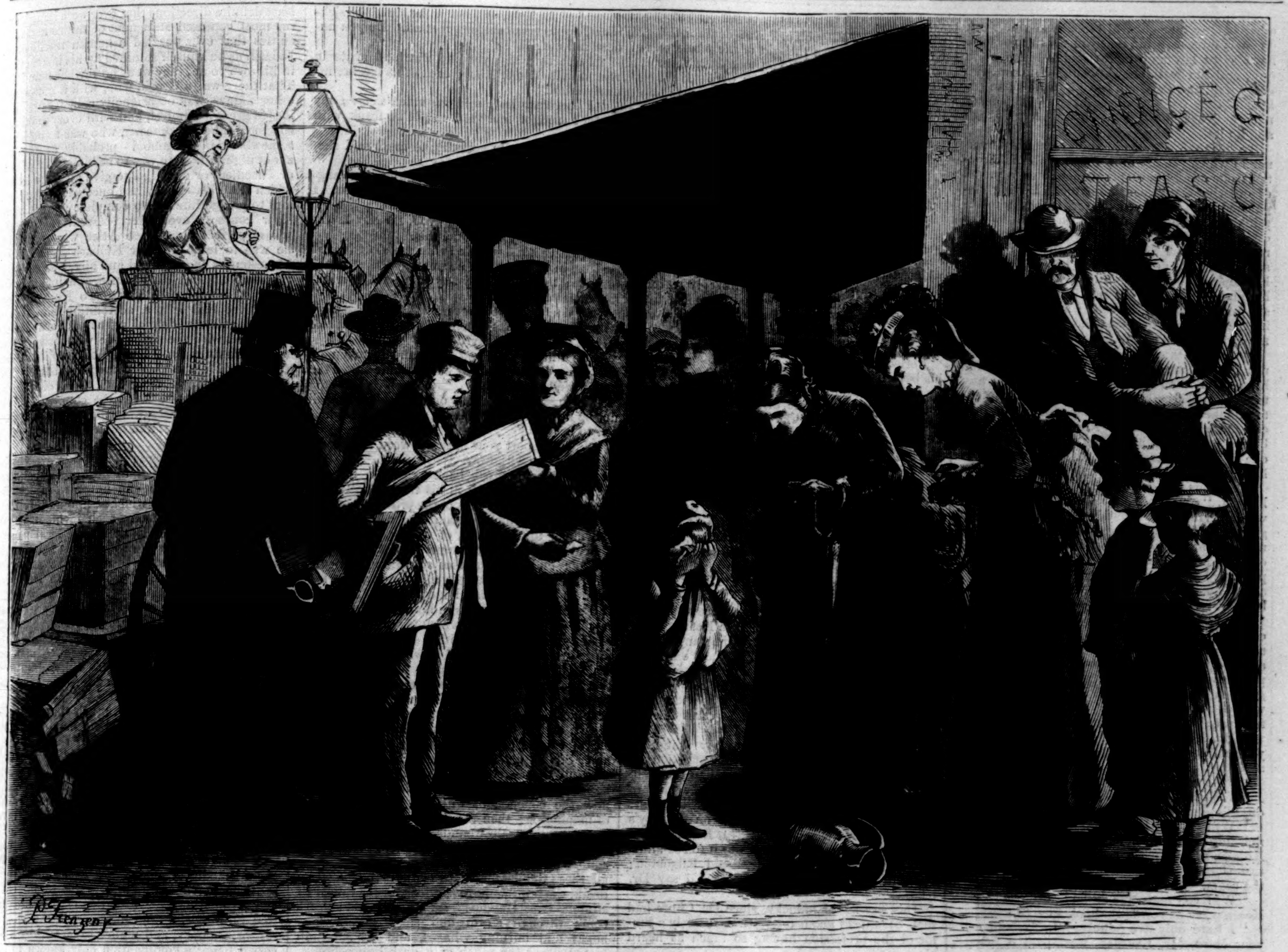
"His jaw-tackle isn't injured," said Rawlings, "and he can take his tumbler, I see, as neat as ever. Well, never mind; he's got us out of a pretty hole, and he bears no malice—though we did not do quite the right thing by him. I like him for that. Come, Davis, you take another to wind up; then we can turn in."

The doctor's plan answered perfectly. An armed Chinese escort brought us the next morning safe to Cocoroco, the natives flying at our approach. We burned the town, captured the envious doctor, and sold him to the Chinese; carried off many dozen pigs, and all the eleven barrels of Patagonians, which, an hour later, were beaten into pound slabs of opium to pay for our passage.

We reached Singapore safely. A day or two after, the doctor—having prepared several casks of pills with incredible diligence, considering the difficulty of procuring Tierra del Fuego herbs and the north polar mineral—started for Central Asia, *via* Afghanistan, intending to establish an agency in Samarcand, and to paste his posters, in several languages, on the very wall of China itself.



THANKSGIVING AT A NEW ENGLAND FARM-HOUSE.—[FROM A DRAWING BY F. A. CHAPMAN.]



MISFORTUNE AND SYMPATHY—A STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK.—[See Page 1167.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LVI.

BEFORE THE DOOR.

Though Lord Kilgobbin, when he awoke somewhat late in the afternoon, did not exactly complain of headache, he was free to admit that his faculties were slightly clouded, and that his memory was not to the desired extent retentive of all that passed on the preceding night. Indeed, beyond the fact—which he reiterated with great energy—that "old Flood, Tory though he was, was a good fellow, an excellent fellow, and had a marvelous bin of port-wine," his son Dick was totally unable to get any information from him. "Bigot, if you like, or Blue Protestant, and all the rest of it; but a fine hearty old soul, and an Irishman to the heart's core!" This was the sum of information which a two hours' close cross-examination elicited; and Dick was sulkily about to leave the room in blank disappointment, when the old man suddenly amazed him by asking: "And do you tell me that you have been lounging about the town all the morning, and have learned nothing? Were you down to the jail? Have you seen O'Shea? What's *his* account of it? Who began the row? Has he any bones broken? Do you know any thing at all?" cried he, as the blank look of the astonished youth seemed to imply utter ignorance, as well as dismay.

"First of all," said Dick, drawing a long breath, "I have not seen O'Shea: nobody is admitted to see him. His injuries about the head are so severe the doctors are in dread of erysipelas."

"What if he had? Have not every one of us had the erysipelas some time or other; and, barring the itching, what's the great harm?"

"The doctors declare that if it come they will not answer for his life."

"They know best, and I'm afraid they know why also. Oh dear, oh dear! if there's any thing the world makes no progress in, it's the science of medicine. Every body now dies of what we all used to have when I was a boy! Sore throats, small-pox, colic, are all fatal since they've found out Greek names for them, and with their old vulgar titles they killed nobody."

"Gorman is certainly in a bad way, and Dr. Rogan says it will be some days before he could pronounce him out of danger."

"Can he be removed? Can we take him back with us to Kilgobbin?"

"That is utterly out of the question; he can not be stirred, and requires the most absolute rest and quiet. Besides that, there is another difficulty: I don't know if they would permit us to take him away."

"What! do you mean refuse our bail?"

"They have got affidavits to show old Gill's life's in danger; he is in high fever to-day, and raving furiously; and if he should die, M'Evoy declares that they'll be able to send bills for manslaughter, at least, before the grand jury."

"There's more of it!" cried Kilgobbin, with a long whistle. "Is it Rogan swears that the fellow is in danger?"

"No; it's Tom Price, the dispensary doctor; and, as Miss Betty withdrew her subscription last year, they say he swore he'd pay her off for it."

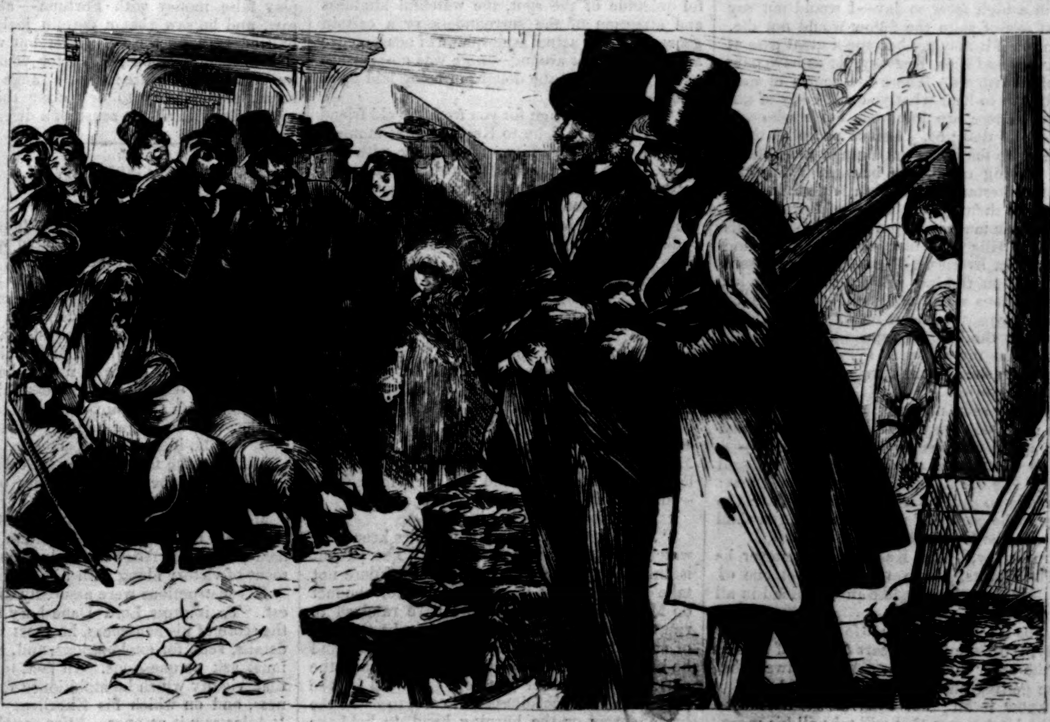
"I know Tom, and I'll see to that," said Kearney. "Are the affidavits sworn?"

"No. They're drawn out. M'Evoy is copying them now; but they'll be ready by three o'clock."

"I'll have Rogan to swear that the boy must be removed at once. We'll take him over with us; and, once at Kilgobbin, they'll want a regiment of soldiers if they mean to take him. It is nigh twelve o'clock now, is it not?"

"It is on the stroke of two, Sir."

"Is it possible? I believe I overslept myself in the strange bed. Be alive now, Dick, and take the 2.40 train to town. Call on M'Keown, and find out where Miss Betty is stopping; break this business to her gently—for, with all that damnable temper, she has a fine womanly heart; tell her the poor boy was not to blame at all; that he went over to see her, and knew nothing of the place being let out or hired; and tell her, besides, that the blackguards that beat him were not her own people at all, but villains from an-



"JUST LOOK AT THE CROWD THAT IS WATCHING US ALREADY."

other barony that old Gill brought over to work on short wages. Mind that you say that, or we'll have more law and more trouble—notices to quit, and the devil knows what. I know Miss Betty well, and she'd not leave a man on a townland if they raised a finger against one of her name! There now, you know what to do: go and do it!"

To hear the systematic and peremptory manner in which the old man detailed all his directions one would have pronounced him a model of orderly arrangement and rule. Having dispatched Dick to town, however, he began to bethink him of all the matters on which he was desirous to learn Miss O'Shea's mind. Had she really leased the Barn to this man Gill; and if so, for what term? And was her quarrel with her nephew of so serious a nature that she might hesitate as to taking his side here—at least, till she knew he was in the right; and then, was he in the right? That was, though the last, the most vital consideration of all.

"I'd have thought of all these if the boy had not flurried me so. These hot-headed fellows have never room in their foolish brains for any thing like consecutive thought; they can just entertain the one idea, and till they dismiss that they can not admit another. Now he'll come back by the next train, and bring me the answer to one of my queries, if even that!" sighed he, as he went on with his dressing.

"All this blessed business," muttered he to himself, "comes of this blundering interference with the land laws. Paddy hears that they have given him some new rights and privileges, and no mock-modesty of his own will let him lose any of them, and so he claims every thing. Old experience had taught him that, with a bold heart and a blunderbuss, he need not pay much rent; but Mr. Gladstone—long life to him—had said, 'We must do something for you.' Now what could that be? He'd scarcely go so far as to give them out Minié rifles or Chassepôts; though arms of precision, as they call them, would have put many a poor fellow out of pain—as Bob Magrath said when he limped into the public-house with a ball in his back, 'It's only a "healing measure;" don't make a fuss about it.'"

"Mr. Flood wants to see your honor when you're dressed," said the waiter, interrupting his soliloquy.

"Where is he?"

"Walking up and down, Sir, forenent the door."

"Will ye say I'm coming down? I'm just finishing a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant," said Kilgobbin, with a sly look to the man, who returned the glance with its rival, and then left the room.

"Will you not come in and sit down?" said Kearney, as he cordially shook Flood's hand.

"I have only five minutes to stay, and with your leave, Mr. Kearney, we'll pass it here;" and, taking the other's arm, he proceeded to walk up and down before the door of the inn.

"You know Ireland well—few men better, I am told—and you have no need, therefore, to be told how the rumored dislikes of party, the reported jealousies and rancors of this set to that, influence the world here. It will be a fine thing, therefore, to show these people here that the Liberal Mr. Kearney and that bigoted old Tory, Tom Flood, were to be seen walking together, and in close confab. It will show them, at all events, that neither of us wants to make party capital out of this scrimmage; and that he who wants to affront one of us can not, on that ground at least, count upon the other. Just look at the crowd that is watching us already! There's a fellow neglecting the sale of his pig to stare at us, and that young woman has stopped gartering her stocking for the last two minutes in sheer curiosity about us."

Kearney laughed heartily as he nodded assent.

"You follow me, don't you?" asked Flood. "Well, then, grant me the favor I am about to ask, and it will show me that you see all these things as I do. This row may turn out more seriously than we thought for. That scoundrel Gill is in a high fever to-day—I would not say that just out of spite the fellow would not die. Who knows if it may not become a great case at the assizes? and if so, Kearney, let us have public opinion with us. There are scores of men who will wait to hear what you and I say of this business. There are hundreds more who will expect us to disagree. Let us prove to them that this is no feud between Orange and Green; this is nothing of dispute between Whig and Tory, or Protestant and Papist; but a free fight, where, more shame to them, fifty fell upon one. Now what you must grant me is leave to send this boy back to Kilgobbin in my own carriage, and with my own liveries. There is not a peasant cutting turf on the bog will not reason out his own conclusions when he sees it. Don't refuse me, for I have set my heart on it."

"I'm not thinking of refusing. I was only wondering to myself what my daughter Kitty will say when she sees me sitting behind the blue and orange liveries."

"You may send me back with the green flag over me the next day I dine with you!" cried Flood; and the compact was ratified.

"It is more than half past already," said Flood. "We are to have a full bench at three: so be ready to give your bail, and I'll have the carriage at the corner of the street, and you shall set off with the boy at once."

"I must say," said Kearney, "whatever be your Tory faults, lukewarmness is not one of them! You stand to me like an old friend in all this trouble."

"Maybe it's time to begin to forget old grudges. Kearney, I believe in my heart neither of us is as bad as the other thinks him. Are you aware that they are getting affidavits to refuse the bail?"

"I know it all; but I have sent a man to M'Evoy about a case that will take all his morning, and he'll be too late with his affidavits."

"By the time he is ready you and your charge will be snug in Kilgobbin. And another thing, Kearney—for I have thought of the whole matter—you'll take out with you that little vermin, Price, the doctor, and treat him well. He'll be as indiscreet as you wish, and be sure to give him the opportunity. There, now, give me your most affectionate grasp of the hand, for there's an attentive public watching us."

CHAPTER LVII.

A DOCTOR.

YOUNG O'Shea made the journey from Kilbeggan to Kilgobbin Castle in total unconsciousness. The symptoms had now taken the form which doctors call concussion; and though to a first brief question he was able to reply reasonably and well, the effort seemed so exhausting that to all subsequent queries he appeared utterly indifferent; nor did he even by look acknowledge that he heard them.

Perfect and unbroken quiet was enjoined as his best, if not his only, remedy; and Kate gave up her own room for the sick man, as that most remote from all possible disturbance, and away from all the bustle of the house. The doctors consulted on his case in the fashion that a country physician of eminence condescends to consult with a small local practitioner. Dr. Rogan pronounced his opinion, prophetically declared the patient in danger, and prescribed his remedies; while Price, agreeing with every thing, and even slavishly abject in his manner of concurrence, went about among the underlings of the household, saying, "There's two fractures of the frontal bone. It's trepanned he ought to be; and when there's an inquest on the body I'll declare I said so."

Though nearly all the care of providing for the sick man's nursing fell to Kate Kearney, she fulfilled the duty without attracting any notice whatever, or appearing to feel as if any extra demand were made upon her time or her attention; so much so that a careless observer might have thought her far more interested in providing for the reception of the aunt than in cares for the nephew.

Dick Kearney had written to say that Miss Betty was so overwhelmed with affliction at young Gorman's mishap that she had taken to bed, and could not be expected to be able to travel for several days. She insisted, however, on two telegrams daily to report on the boy's case, and asked which of the great Dublin celebrities of physic should be sent down to see him.

"They're all alike to me," said Kilgobbin; "but if I was to choose, I think I'd say Dr. Chute."

This was so far unlucky, since Dr. Chute had then been dead about forty years, scarcely a junior of the profession having so much as heard his name.

"We really want no one," said Rogan. "We are doing most favorably in every respect. If one of the young ladies would sit and read to him, but not converse, it would be a service. He made the request himself this morning, and I promised to repeat it."

A telegram, however, announced that Sir St. Xavier Brennan would arrive the same evening, and as Sir X. was physician in chief to the nuns of the Bleeding Heart, there could be little doubt whose orthodoxy had chosen him.

He came at nightfall—a fat, comely looking, somewhat unctuous gentleman, with excellent teeth, and snow-white hands, symmetrical and dimpled like a woman's. He saw the patient, questioned him slightly, and divined, without waiting for it, what the answer should be. He was delighted with Rogan, pleased with Price, but he grew actually enthusiastic over those charming nurses, Nina and Kate.

"With such sisters of charity to tend me, I'd consent to pass my life as an invalid," cried he.

Indeed, to listen to him, it would seem that, whether from the salubrity of the air, the peaceful quietude of the spot, the watchful kindness and attention of the surrounders, or a certain general air—an actual atmosphere of benevolence and contentment around—there was no pleasure of life could equal the delight of being laid up at Kilgobbin.

"I have a message for you from my old friend Miss O'Shea," said he to Kate the first moment he had the opportunity of speaking with her alone. "It is not necessary to tell you that I neither know nor desire to know its import. Her words were these: 'Tell my godchild to forgive me if she still has any memory for some very rude words I once spoke. Tell her that I have been sorely punished for them since, and that till I know I have her pardon I have no courage to cross her doors.' This was my message, and I was to bring back your answer."

"Tell her," cried Kate, warmly, "I have no place in my memory but for the kindnesses she has bestowed on me, and that I ask no better boon from fortune than to be allowed to love her, and to be worthy of her love."

"I will repeat every word you have told me, and I am proud to be bearer of such a speech. May I presume, upon the casual confidence I have thus acquired, to add one word for myself—and it is as the doctor I would speak?"

"Speak freely. What is it?"

"It is this, then: you young ladies keep your watches in turn in the sick-room. The patient is unfit for much excitement, and as I dare not take the liberty of imposing a line of conduct on Mademoiselle Kostalergi, I have resolved to run the hazard with *you!* Let *hers* be the task of entertaining him: let *her* be the reader—and he loves being read to—and the talker, and the narrator of whatever goes on. To you be the part of quiet watchfulness and care, to bathe the heated brow or the burning hand, to hold the cold cup to the parched lips, to adjust the pillow, to temper the light, and renew the air of the sick-room, but to speak seldom, if at all. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly; and you are wise and acute in your distribution of labor; each of us has her fitting station."

"I dared not have said this much to *her;* my doctor's instinct told me I might be frank with *you.*"

"You are safe in speaking to me," said she, calmly.

"Perhaps I ought to say that I give these suggestions without any concert with my patient. I have not only abstained from consulting, but—"

"Forgive my interrupting you, Sir X. It was quite unnecessary to tell me this."

"You are not displeased with me, dear lady?" said he, in his softest of accents.

"No; but do not say any thing which might make me so."

The doctor bowed reverentially, crossed his white hands on his waistcoat, and looked like a saint ready for martyrdom.

Kate frankly held out her hand in token of perfect cordiality, and her honest smile suited the action well.

"Tell Miss Betty that our sick charge shall not be neglected, but that we want her here herself to help us."

"I shall report your message word for word," said he, as he withdrew.

As the doctor drove back to Dublin he went over a variety of things in his thoughts. There were serious disturbances in the provinces—those ugly outrages which forerun long winter nights, and make the last days of October dreary and sad-colored. Disorder and lawlessness were abroad; and that want of something remedial to be done which, like the thirst in fever, is fostered and fed by partial indulgence. Then he had some puzzling cases in hospital, and one or two in private practice, which harassed him: for some had reached that critical stage where a false move would be fatal, and it was far from clear which path should be taken. Then there was that matter of Miss O'Shea herself, who, if her nephew were to die, would most likely endow that hospital in connection with the Bleeding Heart, and of which he was himself the founder; and that this fate was by no means improbable, Sir X. persuaded himself, as he counted over all the different stages of peril that stood between him and convalescence. "We have now the concussion, with reasonable prospect of meningitis; then there may come on erysipelas from the scalp wounds, and high fever, with all its dangers; next there may be a low typhoid state, with high nervous excitement; and through all these the passing risks of the wrong food or drink, the imprudent revelations, or the mistaken stimulants. Heigho!" said he at last; "we come through storm and shipwreck, forlorn hopes and burning villages, and we succumb to ten drops too much of a dark brown liquor, or the improvident rashness that reads out a note to us incautiously!

"Those young ladies thought to mystify me," said he aloud, after a long reverie. "I was not to know which of them was in love with the sick boy. I could make nothing of the Greek, I own, for, except a half-stealthy regard for myself, she confessed to nothing, and the other was nearly as inscrutable. It was only the little warmth at last that betrayed her. I hurt her pride, and as she winced, I said, 'There's the sore spot—there's mischief there!' How the people grope their way through life who have never studied physic nor learned physiology is a puzzle to *me!* With all its aid and guidance *I* find humanity quite hard enough to understand every day I live."

Even in his few hours' visit—in which he remarked every thing, from the dress of the man who waited at dinner to the sherry decanter with the smashed stopper, the weak "Gladstone" that did duty as claret, and the cotton lace which Nina sported as "point d'Alençon," and numberless other shifts, such as people make who like to play false money with Fortune—all these he saw, and he saw that a certain jealous rivalry existed between the two girls; but whether either of them, or both, cared for young O'Shea, he could not declare; and, strange as it may seem, his inability to determine this weighed upon him with all the sense of a defeat.

CHAPTER LVIII.

IN TURKEY.

LEAVING the sick man to the tender care of those ladies whose division of labor we have just hinted at, we turn to other interests, and to one of our characters, who, though to all seeming neglected, has not lapsed from our memory.

Joe Atlee had been dispatched on a very confidential mission by Lord Danesbury. Not only was he to repossess himself of certain papers he had never heard of, from a man he had never seen, but he was also to impress this unknown individual with the immense sense of fidelity to another who no longer had any power to reward him, and besides this, to persuade him, being a Greek, that the favor of a great embassador of England was better than rubles of gold and vases of malachite.

Modern history has shown us what a great aid to success in life is the contribution of a "light heart," and Joe Atlee certainly brought this element of victory along with him on his journey.

His instructions were assuredly of the roughest. To impress Lord Danesbury favorably on the score of his acuteness, he must not press for details, seek for explanations, and, above all, he must ask no questions. In fact, to accomplish that victory which he ambitioned for his cleverness, and on which his Excellency should say, "Atlee saw it at once—Atlee caught the whole thing at a glance," Joe must be satisfied with the least definite directions that ever were issued, and the most confused statement of duties and difficulties that ever puzzled a human intelligence. Indeed, as he himself summed up his instructions in his own room, they went no further than this: That there was a Greek, who, with a number of other names, was occasionally called Speridionides (a great scoundrel, and with every good reason for not being come at), who was to be found somewhere in Stamboul—probably at the bazar at nightfall. He was to be bullied, or bribed, or wheedled, or menaced to give up some letters which Lord Danesbury had once written to him, and to pledge himself to complete secrecy as to their contents ever after. From this Greek, whose perfect confidence Atlee was to obtain, he was to learn whether Kulbash Pasha, Lord Danesbury's sworn friend and ally, was not lapsing from his English alliance, and inclining toward Russian connections. To Kulbash himself Atlee had letters, accrediting him as the trusted and confidential agent of Lord Danesbury, and with the pasha Joe was instructed to treat with an air and bearing of unlimited trustfulness. He was also to mention that his Excellency was eager to be back at his old post as embassador, that he loved the country, the climate, his old colleagues in the Sultan's service, and all the interests and questions that made up their political life.

Last of all, Atlee was to ascertain every point on which any successor to Lord Danesbury was likely to be mistaken, and how a misconception might be ingeniously widened into a grave blunder; and by what means such incidents should be properly commented on by the local papers, and unfavorable comparisons drawn between the author of these measures and "the great and enlightened statesman" who had so lately left them.

In a word, Atlee saw that he was to personate the character of a most unsuspecting, confiding young gentleman, who possessed a certain natural aptitude for affairs of importance, and that amount of discretion such as suited him to be employed confidentially; and to perform this part he addressed himself.

The pasha liked him so much that he invited him to be his guest while he remained at Constantinople; and soon satisfied that he was a guileless youth, fresh to the world and its ways, he talked very freely before him, and, affecting to discuss mere possibilities, actually sketched events and consequences which Atlee shrewdly guessed to be all within the range of casualties.

Lord Danesbury's post at Constantinople had not been filled up, except by the appointment of a chargé d'affaires; it being one of the approved modes of snubbing a government to accredit a person of inferior rank to its court. Lord Danesbury detested this man with a hate that only official life comprehends, the mingled rancor, jealousy, and malice suggested by a successor being a combination only known to men who serve their country.

"Find out what Brumsey is doing; he is said to be doing wrong. He knows nothing of Turkey. Learn his blunders, and let me know them."

This was the easiest of all Atlee's missions, for Brumsey was the weakest and most transparent of all imbecile Whigs. A junior diplomatist of small faculties and great ambitions, he wanted to do something, not being clear as to what, which should startle his chiefs, and make "the Office" exclaim: "See what Sam Brumsey has been doing! Hasn't Brumsey hit the nail on the head! Brumsey's last dispatch is the finest state paper since the days of Canning!" Now no one knew the short range of this man's intellectual tether better than Lord Danesbury, since Brumsey had been his own private secretary once; and the two men hated each other as only a haughty superior and a craven dependent know how to hate.

The old embassador was right. Russian craft had dug many a pitfall for the English diplomatist, and Brumsey had fallen into every one of them. Acting on secret information—all ingeniously prepared to entrap him—Brumsey had discovered a secret demand made by Russia to enable one of the Imperial family to make the tour of the Black Sea with a ship of war. Though it might be matter of controversy whether Turkey herself could, without the assent of the other powers to the Treaty of Paris, give her permission, Brumsey was too elated by his discovery to hesitate about this, but at once communicated to the Grand Vizier a formal declaration of the displeasure with which England would witness such an infraction of a solemn engagement.

As no such project had ever been entertained, no such demand ever made, Kulbash Pasha not only laughed heartily at the mock-thunder of the Englishman, but at the energy with which a small official always opens fire, and in the jocularity of his Turkish nature—for they are jocular, these children of the Koran—he told the whole incident to Atlee.

"Your old master, Mr. Atlee," said he, "would scarcely have read us so sharp a lesson as that; but," he added, "we always hear stronger language from the man who couldn't station a gun-boat at Pera than from the embassador who could call up the Mediterranean squadron from Malta."

If Atlee's first letter to Lord Danesbury admitted of a certain disappointment as regarded Speridionides, it made ample compensation by the keen sketch it conveyed of how matters stood at the Porte, the uncertain fate of Kulbash Pasha's policy, and the scarcely credible blunder of Brumsey.

To tell the English embassador how much he was regretted and how much needed, how the partisans of England felt themselves deserted and abandoned by his withdrawal, and how gravely the best interests of Turkey itself were compromised for want of that statesmanlike intelligence that had up to this guided the counsels of the Divan: all these formed only a part of Atlee's task, for he wrote letters and leaders, in this sense, to all the great journals of London, Paris, and Vienna: so that when the *Times* and the *Post* asked the English people whether they were satisfied that the benefit of the Crimean war should be frittered away by an incompetent youth in the position of a man of high ability, the *Débats* commented on the want of support France suffered at the Porte by the inferior agency of England, and the *Neue Presse*, of Vienna, more openly declared that if England had determined to annex Turkey, and govern it as a crown colony, it would have been at least courtesy to have informed her co-signatories of the fact.

At the same time an Irish paper in the national interest quietly desired to be informed how was it that the man who made such a mull of Ireland could be so much needed in Turkey, aided by a well-known fellow-citizen, more celebrated for smashing lamps and wringing off knockers than for administering the rights of a colony; and by which of his services, ballad-writing or beating the police, he had gained the favor of the present Cabinet. "In fact," concluded the writer, "if we hear more of this appointment, we promise our readers some biographical memoirs of the respected individual, which may serve to show the rising youth of Ireland by what gifts success in life is most surely achieved, as well as what peculiar accomplishments find most merit with the grave-minded men who rule us."

A Cork paper announced on the same day, among the promotions, that Joseph Atlee had been made C.B., and mildly inquired if the honor were bestowed for that paper on Ireland in the last *Quarterly*, and dryly wound up by saying: "We are not selfish, whatever people may say of us. Our friends on the Bosphorus shall have the noble lord cheap! Let his Excellency only assure us that he will return with his whole staff, and not leave us Mr. Cecil Walpole, or any other like incapacity, behind him, as a director of the Poor Law Board, or inspector-general of jails, or deputy-assistant-secretary any where, and we assent freely to the change that sends this man to the East, and leaves us here to flounder on with such aids to our mistakes as a Liberal government can safely afford to spare us."

A paragraph in another part of the same paper, which asked if the Joseph Atlee who, it was rumored, was to go out as Governor to Labuan could be this man, had, it is needless to say, been written by himself.

The *Levan Herald* contented itself with an authorized contradiction to the report that Sir Joseph Atlee—the Sir was an ingenious blunder—had conformed to Islamism, and was in treaty for the palace of Tashkir Bey at Therapia.

With a neatness and a tact all his own, Atlee narrated Brumsey's blunder in a tone so simple and almost deferential that Lord Danesbury could show the letter to any of his colleagues. The whole spirit of the document was regret that a very well-intentioned gentleman of good connections and irreproachable morals should be an ass! Not that he employed the insufferable designation.

The Cabinet at home were on thorns lest the press—the vile Tory organs—should get wind of the case, and cap the blundering government of Ireland with the almost equally gross mistake in diplomacy.

"We shall have the *Standard* at us," said the Premier.

"Far worse," replied the Foreign Secretary. "I shall have Brunow here in a white passion to demand an apology, and the recall of our man at Constantinople."

To accuse a well-known house-breaker of a burglary that he had not committed, nor had any immediate thought of committing, is the very luckiest stroke of fortune that could befall him. He comes out not alone innocent, but injured! The persecutions by which bad men have assailed him for years have at last their illustration, and the calumniated saint walks forth into the world, his head high and his port erect, even though a crow-bar should peep out from his coat pocket, and the jingle of false keys go with him as he went.

Far too astute to make the scandal public by the newspapers, Atlee only hinted to his chief the danger that might ensue if the secret leaked out. He well knew that a press scandal is a nine-day fever, but a menaced publicity is a chronic malady that may go on for years.

The last lines of his letter were "I have made a curious and interesting acquaintance—a certain Stephanotis Bey, governor of Scutari, in Albania, a very venerable old fellow, who was never at Constantinople till now. The pasha tells me in confidence that he is enormously wealthy. His fortune was made by brigandage in Greece, from which he retired a few years ago, shocked by the sudden death of his brother, who was decapitated at Corinth, with five others. The bey is a nice, gentle-mannered, simple-hearted old man, kind to the poor, and eminently hospitable. He has invited me down to Prevesa for the pig-shooting. If I have your permission to accept the invitation, I shall make a rapid visit to Athens, and make one more effort to discover Speridionides. Might I ask the favor of an answer by telegraph? So many documents and archives were stolen here at the time of the fire of the embassy that, by a timely measure of discredit, we can impair the value of all papers whatever, and I have already a mass of false dispatches, notes, and telegrams ready for publication and subsequent denial, if you advise it. In one of these I have imitated Walpole's style so well that I scarcely think he will read it without misgivings. With so much 'bad bank paper' in circulation, Speridionides is not likely to set a high price on his own 'scrip.'"

THANKSGIVING.

Father to a world of pilgrims,
  Sire to all the saints in heaven,
Let our songs of praise mount higher,
  Till just meed of thanks be given!

Heap the glowing fagots higher!
  Pile the logs across the flame!
Heart and lips shall never tire,
  Doing homage to Thy name.

Thanks for every earthly blessing;
  For a land with bounty spread;
For the plains of peace outstretching
  Over leagues of warrior dead;

For the calm of battle ended;
  For the sun of freedom high,
Like a meteor encircling
  All the splendor of the sky;

For the presence of Thy spirit,
  In, around, below, above;
For the glory we inherit
  In Thy priceless gift of love;

For the board so richly teeming
  With the feast profusely spread:
Thou hast kindly, gracious Father,
  Given us our daily bread.

Be all trespasses forgiven;
  'Tis a day for joy and mirth:
Let Thy praise be sung in heaven,
  And Thy will be done on earth!

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

On page 1161 our readers will find another page of illustrations relating to the people and customs of Russia. The only thing especially requiring explanation—beyond directing attention to the diversified types of the human race there represented—is the great Russian carriage, or kabitka. It is, indeed, less a carriage than a wagon, and is used principally for the carriage of goods. The trader, who has to transport his cloth or furs to the fairs and various parts of the country, has no other means of conveyance. The peasants also use them for the transportation of their commodities, and frequently drive about in them with their families. Three horses are put to these wagons—one in the shafts, the others at the sides. In the country the horses are decorated with bells, but in the towns this is not allowed, in consequence of the intolerable noise the use of such ornaments would occasion. The horses of well-to-do people are generally gayly harnessed with decorative red, blue, or yellow trimmings, according to taste. People with limited means content themselves with the most simple and unpretentious cord harness, like that represented in our engraving.

MISFORTUNE AND SYMPATHY.

The little incident so well rendered by Mr. Frenzeny in the illustration on page 1165 scarcely requires explanation. A poor child, running to the milkman's, or perhaps to the beer shop, has let her pitcher fall on the pavement, and is crying over the fragments. That is all the spectator sees as he hurries by, scarcely thinking how the poor little creature will get scolded, or perhaps beaten, on going home. Happily all are not so thoughtless. The kind young lady, and the good-hearted mechanic, who are stopping to ask how she happened to let her pitcher fall, will not pass by without giving her something more substantial than mere words of sympathy.

PERSONALITIES.

A great diner-out was Mr. Harness, whose memoirs have lately been published in England. He lived so much in the world that he might have become the social historian of his time, but for the fact that he kept no record of the life of which he was a most joyous part. What Mr. L'Estrange picked up from Harness's casual mention in conversation he publishes. Thereby we get within hearing of homely Archdeacon Paley, who made but one remark at a great visitation dinner, where he was looked up to as Sir Oracle, and the remark took this form: "I don't think these *puddins* are much good unless the seeds are taken out of the raisins." How the archdeacon loved his neighbor as himself was exemplified by his order at another clerical banquet, when he found himself in a draught: "Shut that window behind me," he called to one of the waiters, "and open one lower down, behind one of the curates!"

We need hardly say—and therefore, as is usual on such occasions, say it—that the best-authenticated anecdotes are the best worth reading. One of these tells us of Sheridan alluding loftily, at a Theatrical Fund dinner, to his being "descended from the loins of kings." Dr. Spry, who was sitting next to Harness, said, "That is quite true. The last time I saw his father, he was King of Denmark." As good, in another way, is the indignation of the second Mrs. Sheridan, and the decrying of her husband as a "villain," when, as she said, "I discovered that all the love-letters he sent to me were the very same as those which he sent to his first wife."

But this was, in one sense, a compliment, and was more justifiable than a practice of Rogers's, who greatly disliked writing letters of condolence, and, when he had that melancholy duty to perform, generally copied one of Cowper's. Rogers himself was of a melancholy disposition. The fact is illustrated in the story of his favorite groom, who used to accompany him daily in his gig-driving when in the country. Bob gave his master warning, and on being asked the reason, he replied, "I've nothin' to complain on; but you are so dull in the buggy."

Clark Braxfield was a man of few words and strong business habits. In courting his second wife, his mode of procedure was entirely illustrative of the peculiarities of his character. Calling for the lady, he said to her, without preliminary remark, "Lizzie, I am looking out for a wife, and I thought you just the person that would suit me. Let me have your answer, yes or no, the morn, and nae mair about it." The lady next day replied in the affirmative. Perhaps he repented his precipitancy, for when a butler gave warning, on account of Mrs. Braxfield's scolding propensities, the judge replied, "Lord, mon, ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her."

It is perhaps not very generally known that the late Sir John Burgoyne was privately known as a light *littérateur*. He was particularly happy in his "Vers de Société," of which many are still extant in young ladies' albums. Sometimes a vein of genial sentiment runs through the trifle, as in one ending with this pretty couplet:

"That eye, so languishing, so sweet, so mild,
At once of love the parent and the child."

Others are wholly of a humorous cast, the humor, for the most part, turning upon a play on words. The following refers to the approaching marriage of a young friend, Miss Knight, to a Mr. Squire:

"Happy the Squire who makes it his delight
To pledge his service to a worthy Knight."

This one requires no explanation:

"You wish me a happy New-Year as a toast,
  And a kindly good act it appears;
But when you perceive I'm as deaf as a post,
  You should wish me—two happy new ears!"

THE SEA-SERPENT.

A startling circumstance has, according to the Limerick *Chronicle*, occurred at Kilkee, Ireland. The sea-serpent has actually appeared at that watering-place, to the dismay of the visitors, who had not reckoned on this pleasing addition to their little society. A short time since a party of several ladies and gentlemen, one of whom—fortunately for the serpent—is a "well-known clergyman in the north of Ireland," observed an enormous head, shaped somewhat like that of a horse, emerge from the water. Behind the head and on the neck was a kind of chignon, or, as the *Chronicle* describes it, "a huge mane of sea-weed-looking hair, which rose and fell with the motion of the water." It may well be imagined that when the head fixed its glassy eyes on the group it excited for the moment feelings the reverse of comfortable. "One lady nearly fainted at the sight, and all had their nerves considerably upset by the dreadful appearance of this extraordinary creature." The well-known clergyman in the north of Ireland, however, preserved his presence of mind and was equal to the occasion, for he minutely inspected the interesting stranger, steadfastly returning its gaze, until, to the relief of all present, in a few minutes the gigantic head ducked and disappeared beneath the surface of the water. There can be little doubt that the sea-serpent, who has hitherto been too modest to disclose himself except to mariners on the lonely sea, has turned over a new leaf, and will in future make himself at home at various sea-side places; nor can any thing be more injudicious than to turn a cold shoulder upon him, or annoy him, on the other hand, by vulgar curiosity. He is evidently a most determined beast, of gigantic strength and stature, and it would be well, now that he shows a social tendency, to meet him respectfully, but with self-possession. His appearance, it is true, is against him, but, for aught we know, his disposition may be good; and, so far from there being any reason for ladies to faint away when he puts his head out of the water, there is, it is to be feared, far more reason to expect that the serpent himself will be overcome by faintness at some of the sights to be witnessed at many of the watering-places on the English and Irish coasts.

A CHINESE FAIRY TALE.

SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Many years ago, during the Tang dynasty, there lived in the town of Peen-chow an old maid named San. No one knew where she came from. All that her neighbors could say about her was, that for the last thirty years she had kept the cake shop on the wooden bridge, and that during the whole of that time she had lived quite by herself, employing neither man-servant nor maid-servant, nor had any relative been known to visit her. But, notwithstanding this, report pronounced her to be rich. Her house was a large one, and she had mules in abundance. In order to save her guests part of the local carriage tax, she made it a practice not to receive their equipages, a proceeding which was highly approved of by them, and in consequence, of those who had once put up at her hostelry, many repeated their visits. Now it happened that about this time the Emperor "Great Harmony" sent General Chaou, surnamed the "Slender and Kind One," on an expedition to the eastern capital, and the general, passing through Peen-chow with his six or seven servants, put up for the night at the shop on the wooden bridge. The servants were soon accommodated in a common room, and the "Slender and Kind One" was lodged in a separate apartment adjoining the dwelling-rooms of San. San paid the greatest attention to her guests; and when night came on served them with wine, and helped them to drink it, making merry with all. The "Slender and Kind One" alone abstained from tasting the wine, but joined in the talking and laughing.

When the watchman announced the second watch, and when most of her guests were sleeping the sleep of drunkards, San betook herself to her domicile, barred the door, and put out the light. In the middle of the night, as the "Slender and Kind One" lay tossing from this side to that side, unable to sleep, he heard a noise in San's room, as though she were moving things about. His curiosity being excited, he peeped through a crevice, and saw her light a candle, and take out from a cloth-bound box a plow, a little wooden man, and a little wooden ox, each about six or seven inches high, and put them down in front of the fire-place. She then poured water on them, and they instantly began to move and live. The little man harnessed the little ox to the plow, and set to work plowing up the part of the room in front of the bed. When he had prepared enough ground, San gave him a sackful of wheat, which he sowed. In a very few minutes it sprouted through the ground, and grew up until it flowered, brought forth fruit, and ripened. The man then set to work to reap and thresh it, and presented to his mistress a crop of seven or eight pints of grain. This done, he was made to grind the corn in a small mill, and was then thrown, with his ox and his plow, into the box again. San now began her share of the work, and having well kneaded the flour, transformed it into baked cakes. At cock-crow the soldiers began to bestir themselves, but San was up before them, and had lighted their lamp and laid out the hot cakes in tempting array on the table. The "Slender and Kind One" was not very comfortable after what he had seen and heard; so he went outside the house, but, determined to see the end, he peeped through a crevice in the door. Suddenly, while he was watching his soldiers seated in a circle, in the act of devouring the nice hot cakes, he heard a sound as of neighing, and, to his horror, he saw them in an instant all transformed into mules. The change was no sooner effected than San drove them into the yard at the back of the shop.

The "Slender and Kind One" told no one what he had seen, but pondered much over the adventure in secret; and when, at the end of a month, he was returning by the same road, he again put up at the shop on the wooden bridge. But before entering the inn he provided himself with a number of cakes in size and form exactly like those he had seen so miraculously made. San professed herself delighted to see him, and, as he was the solitary guest, lavished attentions on him. When night came she diligently inquired his wishes. "I have business before me," said the "Slender and Kind One," "therefore call me at daybreak." "Without fail," said San; "but please to sleep soundly." About midnight the "Slender and Kind One" arose, and witnessed a repetition of what he had seen on the previous occasion. In the morning San was up early, and having laid out her guest's breakfast, she set before him the hot cakes he knew so well. While, however, she was away getting other things, the "Slender and Kind One" managed to exchange one of the cakes he had brought with him for one of San's, and, apologizing to her, said he had supplied himself with cakes of his own, and therefore should not want any of hers. San waited attentively on her guest, and when he had finished eating, brought him his tea. The "Slender and Kind One" then, addressing her, said, "Let me beg my hostess to try one of my cakes;" at the same time handing the one he had taken in exchange for his own. San accepted it with thanks; but had hardly tasted it when she fell down to the ground, neighing, and was instantly transformed into a fine, strong mule. The "Slender and Kind One" saddled her, and then went to search for the little wooden man and ox. He found them, but not knowing the spell, could do nothing with them. So he mounted the mule and returned home. His new acquisition carried him remarkably well, and made nothing of going one hundred miles a day. Four years after these events, the "Slender and Kind One" was riding on his mule to the Hwa yo Temple; he passed an old man at the side of the road, who, on seeing him, clapped his hands, and, laughing, said, "Why, San of the wooden bridge, how is it that you have come to this?" Then taking hold of the mule, he said to the "Slender and Kind One," "Although she was originally very much to blame, she has since done you good service: have pity on her, and allow me to set her free." With that he opened the mule's cheek, and out jumped the old maid, looking the same as ever. Then turning to the old man, she made him a grateful courtesy, and walked off. What became of her I don't know.

SPANISH CHARACTER.

The Spaniard is thrifty from habit, and only showy at intervals, from ostentation. He will live on a floor, some stories up, eating the mild *puchero*, and drinking the *vin ordinaire* of his province; and suddenly bury his wife, with eight horses to the hearse, crowned with feathers and glittering with tinsel, accompanied by little boy-pages in sable top-boots. Grave in outward bearing, he is a child in his love of show or of a gossip; bragging always of Spain, he grudges a peseta for any public object, and privately assures his foreign friends that the condition of the country is deplorable. If he works, it is less from ambition than from a desire to secure the means of pottering through life in a narrow circle, with occasional outbursts of calculated display. The national temperament, indolent, but needing periodical excitement, having one side of torpid acquiescence and easiness, and another side of feverish vanity and ambition, would probably explain, could one know it well enough, much that seems so difficult to understand in the national politics. Spanish life rolls between stimulants and sedatives—gambling and tobacco—revolutions which are to amend every thing, and despotic relations welcomed as bringing peace.